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A Sleeping Memory

BY

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CHAPTER I.

The fringe of a city fog was hanging about the Edgware Road. The sky—such of it as could be seen—was heavy with gray clouds, the pavements were wet and sloppy with recent rains. The broad thoroughfare was almost deserted. The few foot passengers hurried along with upturned collars and dripping umbrellas. It was a bad afternoon for the shops. Before one of the largest two girls were standing together.

It was the London headquarters of a wholesale mantle and jacket maker, whose name loomed large from the hoardings of half the great towns in England. Behind the plate-glass windows covering the immaculate shapes of many wooden dummies were a goodly collection of ready-made garments, whose peculiar qualities, bravely set out in thick black letters, upon long strips of cardboard, might well have exhausted the whole stock of feminine adjectives. A tweed cape with a hood and a cunningly displayed plaid lining advertised itself as the "Ranelagh Golf Cape," a more gorgeous garment in the background appealed to possible purchasers as the "Countess" mantle, and gave modest reassurance as to the quality of its trimming and its Parisian extraction.

The customers of the establishment were obviously of sporting tastes, and addicted to the diversions of the well-to-do. There were yachting jackets and shooting capes, driving cloaks, and—in a little window all to themselves—opera wraps! Everything was marvellously cheap. There were notes of exclamation following the prices. There were rows of electric lights to enhance the brilliancy of jet trimmings and steel buttons. Truly the place should have been a feminine Paradise.

Yet of all this magnificence there were but two spectators—two girls huddled together under one umbrella. The younger, large-eyed, anaemic, untidy, looked and spoke of what she saw with eager and strenuous toleration—a toleration which at times was merged into enthusiasm. Her companion, who was taller, and who held herself with a distinction which was oddly at variance wtih her shabby clothes, never attempted to conceal her contempt for this tinselly array of self-styled Paris models and cheap reproductions from the inner world of fashion. And indeed she seemed scarcely the sort of person for ready-made garments.

The younger girl's interest was apparently impersonal. She was essaying the part of a feminine Mephistopheles.

"I say, Eleanor, I think that one's quite stunning," she declared, pointing suddenly at one of the most atrocious of the models. "It's smart, ain't it? There was a lady came to the shop yesterday wearing one just like it. I declare you couldn't tell 'em apart. She was a lady too—really. She came in a carriage, and she had a little dog, and real gold muff-chain, with funny little stones set in it—not one of them imitation things. It's cheap, too, only twenty-seven and elevenpence. Come in and try it on. I'll ask for it if you like!"

The girl glanced at the jacket and shivered. She made an effort to move away from the shop, but her companion's arm restrained her.

"Why, you haven't even looked at it!" she protested. "What a one you are to come shopping! Look at those steel ornaments. I call it most ladylike!"

"It is absolutely hideous, Ada," the other declared. "I would not put the thing on. Come away. There is nothing here. I am weary of looking at all this ugliness. Let us go and have some tea somewhere—and sit down!"

But Ada declined to move. She ignored her companion's weary gesture, and continued her expostulations. Her high-pitched Cockney voice sounded strangely after the other girl's soft speech and correct enunciation.

"Now, Eleanor, you must be reasonable," she declared vigorously. "It's all rubbish to be turning your nose up at everything just because it ain't exactly what you've been used to. A jacket you must have, and you cannot expect to go to Redfern with something under thirty shillings."

"I can make this do—a little longer."

"You can't! It's threadbare, and you'll catch your death of cold. This place is as good as any. If you don't like what's in the window, let's go in and see if they've got anything else. I know the young gentleman who's head-salesman here, and he won't mind a bit of trouble—especially when he sees you. I think I can get a bit off the price too. Come along!"

Her companion shook herself free from the arm which was urging her inside. A sudden light flashed in her eyes, her lips quivered. Notwithstanding her worn clothes, her ill-shapen hat, and the hideous white glare in which they stood, one saw immediately that she was beautiful. The slight sullenness which in repose marred her features was gone. The faint flush which crept through the unnatural pallor of her cheeks restored her coloring, one realized the elusive blue shade of her eyes, the many coils of soft brown hair arranged with a grace which contrasted strangely with the worn hat and veil. She grew younger, too, with that little burst of feeling, the soft delicacy of her skin, the lingering girlishness of her figure asserted themselves. But she was very angry.

"You are blind, Ada!" she exclaimed passionately. "You see nothing! You understand nothing."

"Mercy me! I don't know so much about that!" Ada retorted, half indignant.

"Oh, don't be foolish! You're better off. Thank God for it—and come along."

"I understand that you'll catch your death o' cold in this wind with little more than a rag around you," Ada declared vigorously. "I've twice as much on as you, and I'm almost perished. I'd sooner have the fog than this. It's enough to kill you!"

The other girl shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"What if it does! Is life such a beautiful gift then to you and to me—to the thousands who are like us?"

"I'd sooner live than die, anyway," Ada declared bluntly. "Bearmain's is a bit rough, perhaps, but there's plenty of fun to be had if you set the right way about it."

The other girl smiled faintly.

"I am afraid," she said, "that I shall never find the right way. I should be glad to die today, tomorrow, this moment! Come, if my threadbare rags will take me to another world that disposes once and for all of the jacket question, I'll hug them and welcome."

Ada abandoned the subject with a little gesture of impatience. She attended church once every Sunday, and it sounded irreverent to her.

"Let's go and have some tea, then," she suggested. "You're tired now, and no wonder. Perhaps you'll feel more heart afterwards."

The girl whom she had called Eleanor laughed shortly, but did not move. She, who a few minutes ago had tried to drag her companion from the spot, seemed to find now some evil fascination in those long rows of resplendent garments.

"Look at them, Ada," she exclaimed bitterly. "They are for you and for me, and for the thousands like us. They are ugly, they are cheap, they are pretentious. That is what life is for us. And we can't escape. We are shut in on every side. It is horrible."

Her lips quivered—there was a break in her voice. Ada looked into her face with vague, wistful sympathy. She was sorry, but she did not understand. She looked once more at the jackets in the window.

"I can't see that the things are so dreadful—for the price," she said. "You haven't been used to ready-made clothes, I know, but after all I don't see where the difference comes in. I always look at it like this—if you can't afford the one thing you must have the other. That's reasonable, isn't it, now?"

There was a moment's silence. Then both girls became suddenly aware that a man was standing upon the pavement only a few feet away, gazing through the shop windows with an absorption which was obviously simulated. He was in a position to overhear their conversation—he had already, in all probability, overheard some part of it. Without a glance in his direction the two girls turned away. The man, after a moment's hesitation, followed them.

The older girl drew a long breath of relief.

"Do you know, Ada," she said, "I think if I had stood much longer before that window I should have cried. Is there anything more depressing than ugliness?"

Ada sighed.

"I don't see that you're much nearer getting your jacket," she said, "and that's what we started out so early for."

Her companion laughed softly.

"Never mind," she said. "You needn't worry any more about that. I have quite made up my mind. I am going to buy some cloth and make it myself."

"There can't be much cut about it," Ada remarked doubtfully. "A jacket's just one of those things I don't see how one can make oneself. So much depends upon the style."

Again her companion laughed, and the man behind seemed to find it pleasant to hear, for he quickened his pace and drew a little nearer to them.

"You must wait and see it before you criticise, Ada," she said. "You shall help me to choose the material tomorrow."

Ada's face brightened.

"You'll get it at Bearmain's" she exclaimed. "Well, Henry shall see that the price is all right. I'll speak to him myself."

The girl nodded. She dismissed the subject of the jacket with manifest relief.

"Now for some tea," she said. "No, not at the A. B. C. today. I am so weary of those thick cups and saucers and the endless chatter. I am going to take you somewhere else."

"You mustn't be extravagant," Ada protested timidly. "I think A. B. C. is really quite nice, and it's a good bit better than Bearmain's anyhow. You're always for spending all your money directly you get it."

Her companion smiled. The accusation was by no means unfamiliar to her.

"Do you know," she said, "what I have often been tempted to do? To sell all my few remaining belongings, scrape together every penny I have, and for one long day—to live!"

Ada looked up at her perplexed.

"Isn't that what we're doing all the time?" she asked timidly.

The elder girl laughed tolerantly, but with a note of contempt underlying her mirth.

"You foolish child! What do we know of life, you and I, who spend ten hours of every day behind a counter, the servants of every impertinent woman who wants a yard of calico. From the moment we wake to the moment when the bell rings and we are packed off like sheep to bed, we are slaves. We have to do it to eat and drink! But it is not life, it is not even freedom. You don't understand. Always be thankful that you do not!"

"Tell me what you would do in that one day?"

The girl was suddenly thoughtful. Her eyes gleamed as though even the thought gave her pleasure.

"I will tell you," she said. "I would go into Bond street and I would buy clothes—just for one day—everything. I would know the feel of cambric and lace, and I would buy perfumes and flowers. Then just a simple walking dress and a pretty hat—and oh! fancy for one day being able to wear gloves and boots like those other women wear. Then I would go to one of those old-fashioned hotels somewhere near Berkeley square, have a maid prepare a bath for me and change all my clothes slowly and burn everything which reminded me of the Edgeware Road! I would go out to lunch then to one of the best restaurants—Prince's, I think—and I would buy myself a great bunch of fragrant Neapolitan violets and imagine that someone had sent them to me. And I would order the sort of dishes that make eating artistic, and I would drink wine, soft, white wine, with the flavor of Moselle grapes, and afterwards—"

"Yes, afterwards?" Ada interrupted breathlessly.

The girl's face became sad once more. In her eyes was the old hunger, her voice became almost a whisper.

"Afterwards would be beautiful, too. I would take the train to a tiny little village in Surrey which few people know about—it is quite out of the world. When you leave the station you step into a narrow country lane with tall hedges full of birds, and you never meet anyone except sometimes an old farm laborer. Then you climb and climb and climb, and at last you come to a very steep hill. The lane becomes a footpath, and at the top there is a little gate leading into a deep grove of pine trees—oh! you don't knnw what the odor of pines is like, Ada, when the sun is hot upon them. Then I should lie down—pine cones are softer than any mattress—and I think that the rest of that moment would be worth all these months of slavery. There are wild roses in the hedges with great pink blossoms, and the perfume is so faint and yet so perfect—and honeysuckle. You have been in the country sometimes. You know what the scent of honeysuckle is like. And the birds—it is wonderful to hear them sing; there is music, too, in the air when the west wind sweeps through the pine trees!"

"And—afterwards?" Ada asked again, in a low, fearful tone.

The girl looked downwards into her companion's rapt face and smiled gravely.

"Afterwards I should lie quite still watching the white clouds pass across the sky—watching and listening! I think that all my weariness and bad temper would pass away from me then because the old life was finished."

"Finished?"

"Yes! After a day like that I could never come back again. If ever I should escape, Ada, if it were only for 24 hours, I should never come back again. One gets used even to slavery. I suppose it is that which keeps me at Bearmain's."

"But you must live! You do not mean—"

"That is what I do mean!"

"You would pray first?" the younger girl asked, in an awed whisper.

"I should speak to God—out there. Here I cannot believe that there is a God. I should ask Him to look at the two worlds which He has made, and I would ask Him how, after a single day in the one, it were possible for such a creature as He made me to go back to the other. I would ask Him to show me where was the justice of these two worlds side by side, Heaven and Hell, yet even here in London so far apart that you and I may beat our hearts in vain before the bars. That's the cruel part, Ada. The other world is always there. You can see into it. It isn't unworthiness that keeps you out. It is chance!"

They stopped short before the door of a tiny restaurant. From inside came the glow of rose-shaded lamps and a commissionaire looked somewhat critically at the two girls. They hesitated for a moment, acutely conscious of his disapproving glance, his burly figure filled the doorway. Suddenly the man who had been following them stood by their side. He addressed the elder girl, and his manner and tone were quietly deferential.

"The bars of the other world," he said, "are perhaps not so immovable as they seem to you just now. I must ask your forgiveness for having accidentally overheard a portion of your conversation."

The girl eyed him coldly, but without embarrassment.

"I do not think," she said, "that I have the pleasure of knowing you. Perhaps it is my friend with whom you are acquainted."

He appeared in nowise disconcerted at her steady gaze of inquiry, at the shoulder already half turned against him.

"I know," he said, "that I am a transgressor. I am a stranger both to yourself and your friend. Yet I am going to ask you to do me the honor of having tea with me. I am almost old enough to be your father, and I shall take the liberty of introducing myself as soon as I can get at my card-case. I beg that you will accept my invitation."

Ada was already on the point of moving away. She had no doubt whatever as to what her companions's answer would be. They had been accosted before by boulevarders, young and old, and the departure of even the hardiest had been an abject thing to witness. But this was a day of singular happenings. The few scathing words which should surely have been spoken remained unsaid. Ada looked up, amazed at the silence. The man and the girl were gazing steadfastly at one another. Something was passing between them beyond her comprehension, something which troubled her vaguely as savoring of a world of greater things than any which she had account of. She was a shopgirl, pure and simple, one of her class in spirit as well as in fact, with all the limitations of a stereotyped conventionality, a puny imagination, and a point of view which left her feet planted upon a molehill. Yet even she recognized that this was an incident differing in some vague manner from any other which had ever befallen them. The man was no more a boulevarder than Eleanor was flighty. She waited breathlessly for what might happen.

"You are very kind," Eleanor said quietly; "we were just thinking of having some tea."

The commissionaire, to whom their meeting had presented no unusual features, stepped on one side promptly now, and touched his hat to their escort. The door was swung open before them. Ada resigned herself to an amazed but cheerful compliance. They entered the tea-rooms together.

CHAPTER II.

Inside the little place seemed to the two girls unexpectedly bright and cosy. In the center of the round table to which their escort led them was a great bunch of scarlet flowers, and the perfume of hyacinths was like a breath of springtime. The tea appointments were dainty, the attendants deft and smiling. From an inner room came the soft music of violins. The rose-shaded lights were kind to the girls' clothes, and even Ada, who showed some signs of an embarrassment which was shared in no degree by her companion, looked about her with mingled pleasure and curiosity.

"I'm glad we thought of coming here, Eleanor," she whispered. "Isn't the music lovely, and what dear little cakes."

Eleanor, who had loosened her jacket and was leaning back in her cushioned seat, gave a little sigh of satisfaction.

"It is so deliciously warm," she said, "and after that terrible A. B. C. it is like Paradise! May I have some chocolate, please, instead of tea?"

He had returned from finding a place for his hat, and, taking a chair opposite to them, gave an order to the smartly-dressed waitress. He smiled across at them pleasantly.

"And now," he said, "for the conventionalities. I have a cardcase somewhere, I know."

He unbuttoned his coat and began a search for it. Meanwhile the two girls surveyed him with covert but widely different curiosity. If indeed he was old enough to be the father of either of them, he bore his years remarkably well. He might possibly have been 35, it was hard to believe him a day older. He was clean-shaven, with hard, well cut features, smooth dark hair, and wonderfully clear gray eyes. He was dressed quietly, but fashionably, and with an attention to detail which the elder girl recognized at once and appreciated. He did not look in the least the sort of a man to care about adventures or the consorting with those who were his social inferiors. He produced a card from a tiny silver card case and handed it to Eleanor.

"You will find my name there," he said. "I live in Hans Crescent. Now you must tell me, please, how I may cal you—and your friend."

"My name is Eleanor Surtoes," she said, "and my friend's Ada Smart. We are employed at a drapery establishment in the Edgware road."

He bowed gravely. It was impossible to tell from his face whether he felt any surprise. Ada, who felt that such candor was wholly unnecessary, kicked her friend under the table without effect.

"The conventionalities," he remarked pleasantly, "are satisfied. It only remains for me to thank you for your confidence, and to assure you that it will not be misplaced."

"It is the first time," Ada interposed, "that either Miss Surtoes or myself have ever done such a thing as this—isn't it, Eleanor?"

She nodded.

"I do not understand," she remarked, "why you spoke to us—any more than I can understand our coming in here with you."

"I spoke to you," he said, "because I overheard some part of your conversation, and I was most anxious to make your acquaintance."

Eleanor flushed slightly.

"Your hearing," she said dryly, "must be remarkably acute."

"I am not going to offer any more apologies," he assured her. "I felt sure you would acquit me of impertinence. I don't know why, but I was quite confident."

"You are evidently," she murmured, "not afflicted with nervousness."

"In my younger days," he answered, "I was brought up in a profession which does not recognize nerves."

"And now?"

"I was meant to be a physician, but I have never practiced."

She nodded.

"Well," she said, "you overheard some of our conversation. Why did that interest you personally?"

He helped himself to some more sugar and stirred his tea thoughtfully.

"I will tell you presently," he said. "Let me assure you at least that I am not a vulgarly curious person, a libertine, or a philanthropist."

Eleanor sipped her chocolate and leaned back in her chair with an air of cozy content. The pleasant warmth of the place and the sound of his cultivated voice engaged now in sustaining a perfectly effortless conversation with Ada were very soothing to her after the cold wet streets, and her companion's good-natured but irritating chatter. Ada, though such adventures were far less foreign to her, was by no means wholly at her ease. She was conscious of being surrounded by better-dressed people of a different station in life, who glanced now and then curiously at the two girls. More than once their escort was saluted by friends, whose greetings he returned with an easy indifference. Eleanor, watching him more closely than he was aware of, could not detect the slightest signs of disquietude on his part, even when two ladies paused for a moment to speak to him, and scarcely troubled to conceal their amazement when they realized that the two girls were his guests. He met Eleanor's scrutinizing gaze with an answering flash of comprehension.

"My friends," he remarked, "have a right to look a little surprised to see me here with you. I do not frequent such places, and I believe because I do not, as a rule find much to interest me in the society of your sex that I am considered to be a hardened misogynist. It is one of the penalties of bachelordom."

"You can easily escape from it!" she reminded him.

He shook his head.

"Marriage," he said, "is one of those experiments which, properly considered, is no experiment at all. The finality of the thing is so overwhelming."

She was suddenly thoughtful.

"I am a very persistent person. I am afraid," she said, looking up at him, "but I should like to know your real reason for speaking to us. It is a puzzle to me! I know quite well that you are not one of those who amuse themselves with such adven-

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Progress in the Near East

IN the East which has always rubbed elbows with Europe and always played a great part in the development or retarding of European civilization, there is progress now which is worthy of comparison with the awakening of China and the advance of Japan. It is a great stirring of ideas and the working out of many new ambitions and desires in solid facts.

The revolution in Constantinople, which overthrew Abdul Hamid and brought a more enlightened Turkish government into existence, has proved only one sign out of many that the Levant is responding freely to the spirit of the age and the appeal of modern progress. Turkish cities are displaying much the same temper in their material betterment of old conditions which the Turkish nation has shown in changing its government.

Take Aleppo, for example, a city of about 200,000 inhabitants, at the northern end of Syria. It is a town so old that history hardly indicates a time when there was not a city where Aleppo stands, and for thousands of years its people have gone about their affairs in the same time-buttressed way. Few places in all the world have seemed less favorable to radical innovations.

Now this Turkish city, this trade center of an ancient land and meeting point of caravan routes well trodden when Rome was young, is about to establish a complete street railroad system. A telephone exchange is to be built immediately, and the oil lamps which have been lighting the city are to give way to electricity.

Bagdad, another famous city, the very name of which suggests thoughts of Babylon, Nineveh and Persepolis, has just issued a municipal loan of $880,000, which is a great sum in the region at the head of the Persian Gulf, the purpose of borrowing being the facilitating of many public improvements. It is quite in harmony with the course which American cities follow under like conditions.

In Mersine a French syndicate has been given a municipal concession for paving streets with asphalt and building a drainage system and furnishing a public water supply. It will also build a large market hall of stone and iron, which will contain about 100 bazars or stalls to be rented to local merchants, which will be a modernization and improvement of the old bazar.

This city furnished striking evidence of civic foresight and public spirit in the terms on which the many-sided concession has been granted. The French syndicate is guaranteed 5 per cent interest, to be paid by the municipality, on the money expended in these improvements, and the city will pay 2 per cent yearly, in addition, for 30 years, to create a sinking fund. At the end of that period the title to all of the improvements made with French capital is to pass to Mersine. Meanwhile all profits from rents, water charges, etc., will be divided between the French syndicate and the municipality.

Salonica, or Saloniki, as the later spelling has it, is the chief port of European Turkey, except Constantinople, and that old city is negotiating with a local bank for $300,000 to be spent in making at least a beginning in extensions of the traction system, in the better lighting and draining of the city, and in widening important streets. Many-sided progress is demanded and planned.

All this is so modern, so thoroughly progressive, that it might be the spirit of the age stirring in Japan or America instead of in the Levant. It is clear that the old is passing away and the new coming into ascendency in the ancient lands which border the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and the Aegean Sea. Turkey is entering upon a period of change which promises to go far and accomplish much before it ends.

As for Egypt, that old seat of civilization is more prosperous than ever before, and there is little doubt that it is more productive. Its people are safer and better cared for than they have been in many centuries, if not in the entire history of the Nile delta, and they are fast increasing in number.

The near East, in short, is giving unprecedented promise of keeping step with the march of the times.

Cold Weather Curiosities

MANY ideas about cold weather, which are deeply rooted and sure to endure, clash, more or less, with the narrowly accurate, but, altogether unfeeling records of the instruments used by science. Statistics of climate may have little relation to the way the weather affects human beings.

The official records tell us that January is colder, on the average, than February, just as July, again taking the averages of a term of years, is warmer than August. Science admits that there are many exceptions to these rules, sometimes striking. But what does science know about the weariness of winter, which makes the same temperature seem lower in February than it did a month earlier? How can science tell what the effect is upon human patience with cold when the longer daylight and the brighter sun seem to promise warmth the body cannot find in the late winter air?

Twenty-five feet down in the ground the coldest part of the year, in a slow-moving and mild climate like that of England, may come as late as April or May, but that does not affect the weather, as men and women feel it and have to live in it. On the other hand, sunshine in the air counts greatly for human comfort in winter, even though the official records are all taken in the shade.

And the wind! According to official records the coldest town where any civilized country maintains a weather observation station is Werchojansk, in Siberia, where one January showed an average temperature of 63.9 degrees below zero, with an extreme minimum of 90 below. But it is quite certain that many other places have worse winters for men to endure.

The reason is that in Werchojansk and the region it represents, in the interior of Siberia, there is very little wind during the coldest months. Sometimes three of our every four observations for a month like December or January will show calms, with the still air clear and dry. That condition of the atmosphere makes 60 or 70 below zero easier to live through than it is to withstand 30 or 40 below, where the wind blows a gale, as it does much of the time on the summit of Mt. Washington, for instance.

Fortunately, the extremely low temperatures are most often found where the air is dry in winter and where violent winds are infrequent in the coldest months. That is true of the Canadian Northwest, and of the states like Montana, the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wyoming, where clear, dry, intense cold is well known and not much dreaded.

There is a curious difference between plant life and human life in respect to the effects of different kinds of winter cold. On the west side of Lake Michigan, say in the latitude of Milwaukee, the lowest temperature of the winter is usually many degrees under the bottom mark recorded across the lake, in or near Grand Haven. The coldest winds are from the northwest and west, and they are much moderated in passing over the open lake to the Michigan shore. On the other hand, they take up a great deal of moisture.

The result is that peach trees flourish on the east shore of Lake Michigan, in all but the very worst years known, whereas they cannot be grown in Wisconsin, across the lake. But men and women sensitive to the humidity of the winter air after the west winds have blown across Lake Michigan, often find the cold harder to bear on the Michigan shore, where peach orchards are numerous, than it is on the drier western shore of the lake, where the temperature of many a winter is low enough to kill all the peach trees that might be set out.

So the cold of winter is of many kinds. It varies with the winds and the humidity, in its effect on human comfort, health and life. It is subject to various forces which have to be taken into account in making estimates of the advantages and drawbacks of climates. It is no mere matter of temperature records, in any part of the country or the world.

Winter and Spring.

Frost on the brambles, hoar in the hedge-row
Icicle dart;
Winter's abroad in the bottom and hangar—
When to depart?

Red sun o'er snow rises; dies in the snowdrift,
Noisily start,
Chaffering robin and wren from the brier-chepe—
Busiest mart!

Delicate wonder-white crystals by laboring
Wagon and cart
Broken and crushed in their loveliness life, in their
Exquisite art.

Poverty shuffles through slush of the city's
Dreariest part,
Vacant of hope she goes, white as the winter snows
Pierced by their smart.

Winter is heavy on song-bird and beggar-girl,
Laborer swart—
Love is the spring for a world to be warmed by;
Spring's in the heart.

—Westminster Gazette.

A Minnesota Fisherman's Record Haul.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Minnesota's champion fisherman, Aaron Margolis, who lives at 102 Robertson street, St. Paul, made his record breaking haul last week by landing in one cast at Tetonka Lake, Minn., nearly 50,000 pounds of fish.

Sixteen men and a span of big horses assisted Mr. Margolis in this feat. It required exactly one and a half days for the combined force to haul in the single sein. When the fish were weighed Mr. Margolis found he had 455,000 pounds, equal to 227 tons. The largest of these was a buffalo fish weighing 54 pounds and presumed by him to be 75 years old.

If the commission men in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Chicago, to whom the fish were billed, receive for him a fair price, say five cents a pound, then Mr. Margolis will realize in gross receipts on this one haul something like $22,250. He declared yesterday he expected to earn net as much as $40,000 before the winter is over.

Western Missouri Birds.

Kansas City Journal.

One thousand eight hundred and forty-seven birds were counted in Kansas City and south of Dodson in three hours yesterday afternoon by Harry R. Walmsley, president of the Audubon Society of Missouri.

A bird census is taken every Christmas by Audubon Society officials. The English sparrow is not counted, as it is considered too plentiful and of little use.

The bird census results:

Crow, 61; bluejay, 70; cedar waxwing, 1; cardinal, 83; morning dove, 1; Carolina wren, 3; junco, 890; blackcapped chickadee, 250; crested titmouse, 300; hairy woodpecker, 4; downy woodpecker, 3; red bellied woodpecker, 8; flicker, 1; whitebreasted nuthatch, 2; pintail, 1; kingfisher, 1; brown creeper, 1; redtailed hawk, 5; tree sparrow, 2. Total species, 19; total individuals, 1,347.

Washington Learning to Skate.

Washington Star.

Washington society, as represented by the diplomatic, senatorial and transient sets, has a brand new fad. It is learning to skate, and it isn't finding it an easy job.

Every Wednesday morning members of the different circles within circles go in automblies and electric and via the trolley system to the skating rink, where they put on up to date pneumatic roller skates and go gracefully swooping or clumsily tottering over the polished floor—according to their previous experience or aptitude in "getting the swing," as the instructors call it.

No "humble plebeian" is allowed to watch society thus humiliate itself, for that would be too mortifying, but among one's own sort when nearly everybody is displaying an average amount of awkwardness the situation is not so dreadful. Nowhere else in the country could a specator see such a cosmopolitan assemblage as passes over that floor in the single morning.

Longevous Geese.

G. W. M. in the Field.

Geese will live to a great age, and some few years ago I came across a very venerable goose (male or female I cannot now say) in Westmoreland in unexpected circumstances. I was walking from Milnthorpe to Arnside, and at Ganaside found an acquaintance sitting on a seashore bench feeding a pet goose with biscuits steeped in ale. He told me that this goose had been in his family for over 40 years and was partial to beer, stout, and even gin. One of the most remarkable records of the longevity of geese with which I am acquainted is to be found in an old book entitled "Travels in Scotland," by the Rev. James Hall, M. A., London, two volumes, 1807. On a visit to a Mr. Charles Grant of Elchies, Stirlingshire, the author was informed of a gander that had been killed by accident after living at the same place for "about 80 years."

MARSAN

A ROMANCE OF THE MIDI

BY

BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER V.

The Ride to Cadillac.

M. le Comte's chateau of Cadillac stood upon the east bank of the Garonne, some ten leagues to the south of Montauban. My father had taken me thither once when I was a mere boy—what business called him there I do not know—and I remember quite clearly the great house, with its high, graceful center tower, its broad wings and the pretty park in front, sloping sweetly down to the river's edge. It beseemed me at the time that the palace of the king of France must be less beautiful; but, alas! one's eyes grow more critical with age!

Our road for a time lay through the wide valley of the river, and as we swung onward I sat erect in the saddle and drank in great draughts of the cool air—so sweet, so pure, such as one finds only here in Gascony. It was good to be alive, in such gallant company, with promise of hard blows and, perchance, glory at the end. I stole a glance at Fronsac, not doubting that he shared my exultation, and was astonished to see him riding with rein loose and head bent and eye lacklustre. He surprised my glance and smiled as he looked at me.

"The question, my friend," he said, "is, shall we be in time?"

I did not answer. I confess I did not wish the adventure to end so speedily and tamely. Besides, I had a great desire to see for myseld the Duc de Roquefort's stronghold in the Pyrenees, for I had heard it was worth seeing.

"When was it you left Marsan?" he asked after a moment.

"At midnight on the 24th."

"And this is the 27th. On the morning of the 25th, doutless, the Duc de Roquefort left his seat at Marleon and started for M. le Comte's chateau. By pushing his horses he might have reached Caumont that night. By evening of yesterday he should have been at Drovet, and he may get to the chateau by noon today. If he has carried out this program, we shall be too late."

"But, mosieur," I protested, "it may be that he did not set out from Marleon until the 26th, or some accident may have happened to delay him. Besides, he could not have gone by the direct route, since he was penetrating the country of M. le Comte's allies. He must keep his march secret, or run the risk of being taken prisoner. It is only by great diligence that he could reach the chateau today."

"True," assented my companion gloomily, "yet the Duc de Roquefort is always dilgent—else he would not have dared undertake this expedition. He is a great gambler, ready to stake his head on the turn of a card. Some day he will lose, but it seems this time that he must win."

"Grant that he does reach the chateau at noon today," I said, "still, even with only thirty men, Madame la Comtesse should be able to hold out against him for some hours—and five or six hours are all that we shall need."

"True," and my companion nodded again, "Madame is not the woman to yield the chateau without a struggle. But what if she be surprised, if she be not expecting an assault, if the gates be open—what then, Monsieur?"

"Then," I cried boldly, "we will spur after them, even to their castle in the Pyrenees! M. le Comte himself hath said it!"

But Fronsac shook his head.

"You have never visited Marleon, have you, M. de Marsan?" he asked.

"No, Monsieur, I have never been farther south than Lembeye."

"The castle of M. de Roquefort stands on a height above the town, and is approached only by a steep and narrow road, where two men can scarcely walk abreast. The Duc du Poitiers, with an army of three thousand men, once assaulted it in vain. It will not soon yield to force."

"If not to force, then to strategem!" I cried.

"Quite right," chuckled a low voice behind us. "If not to force, then to strategem! Well said!"

I turned with a start to see that it was the Sieur Letourge, who had ridden close to us without our perceiving it, and who had overheard my last words.

"M. de Fronsac," he continued, bowing, and urging his horse nose to nose with mine, "M. le Comte wishes to speak with you. Do you fall back and join them. I will endeavor to entertain our friend here," and he nodded to me.

Fronsac obeyed without a word, and for some moments my new companion and I rode side by side in silence. I glanced at him narrowly from time to time, for this was the first that I had seen him in the light of day and close at hand. A tall, raw-boned man, whose hair was turning gray, and whose stern face, with its arched nose, deep-set, firm mouth, and aggressive chin, told of the will which would never accept defeat. Not a pleasant face, perhaps, yet a strong one, an honest one, and one which drew my eyes to it by a kind of fasination. This was the man, as well as I knew, who for some score of years had been the right hand of M. le Comte and who had done more than any other to confirm his rule over his great estates, to win for him friends and allies the length and breadth of the Midi, and to impress his enemies, the Duc de Roquefort among the number, with a hearty respect for his heavy fist—his heavy fist, that is, the two or three hundred reckless rogues whom he held in leash and let loose from time to time to punish some contumacious lordling or frighten into subjection a rebelious peasantry. Ah, how the peasants hated him,—this man, Letourge, who had pulled himself up from among them by sheer strength of will and straightway forgot his kinship with them! He could not serve two masters, so he served M. le Comte, and served him well.

He caught my glance, and smiled grimly as he looked into my eyes.

"You were talking of storming Roquefort's castle at Marleon?" he asked.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"'Twill be no easy task."

"But it may not be needful. We may reach the chateau in time."

He shook his head, as Fronsac had done.

"Had we set out last night," he said. "Had we permitted you to deliver your message straightway! I can see now that I played the fool. Yet the sight of you there in M. le Comte's antechamber took my wits away. You spoke a true word, M. de Marsan, when you told me I should regret my wrath."

I looked at him eagerly.

"Then you too believe my story, M. Letourge?" I asked quickly.

He gave me one look from under his eyebrows.

"Surely," he answered. "Babes scarce out of leading-strings do not lie so glibly. They seem ready, though, to run to the aid of the first woman they hear squawking!"

I flushed at his tone, but checked the retort which sprang to my lips. After all, I had doubtless much to learn.

"But though we may not reach Cadillac in time, we may yet win the race," he added. "You have noted, perhaps, that we are saving the horses. Should we push forward at full speed to Cadillac, that would be the end—we could go no farther. As it is, we are starting on a long journey, and Roquefort may be hard put to it ere he gets back again behind his battlements at Marleon."

He fell silent again, looking so stern and inflexible that I had not the heart to address him. Yet it seemed to me that M. le Comte was in error. Even if the whole force were not sent forward, it would be wise, I thought, to send a small party at full speed to attempt to warn Madame. But this was my first campaign, so why should I venture to advise?

At last I heard the gallop of a horse's feet behind us, and Fronsac rode up, his eyes agleam with excitement.

"Such fortune!" he cried, as he pulled up his horse beside mine. "Do you know to what M. le Comte has consented, my friend? It is that you and I shall ride on together, full speed, to Cadillac."

It was my thought; I was not a fool, after all!

"You forget," interrupted Letourge dryly, "that M. de Marsan is a prisoner."

"And in my charge," said Fronsac proudly. "M. le Comte entrusts him to me. I will answer for him."

"Thank you, Monsieur," I said, my face aglow with pleasure. "I shall not forget your kindness. When do we set out?"

"At once!" cried Fronsac, and clapped spur to flank.

With a last glance at Letourge, who was looking at us with amused eyes, I sped after him, and in a moment we were past the troop and with only the open road before us. Neck and neck we went for half an hour or more, my heart bounding at the rapid motion, and then we drew rein to give our mounts a breathing-spell.

"What a chance!" cried my companion, lifting his hat and wiping the sweat from his brow. "Do you know, Marsan, there is an adventure before us? I believe we shall reach the chateau ahead of Roquefort and his rascals!"

"I trust so," I said. "It would be a privilege to be in time to warn Madame."

"And mademoiselle," he added.

"Of course, and mademoiselle," I assented, smiling to myself.

"Then come!" he cried, "spur on again!"

And spur on we did, under the trees of the river road, down to the ford and across, then straight over-country as the river bent away eastward, the peasants' huts flying past us and the workers in the fields straightening themselves with cracking joints to get a glimpse of us. An hour of this riding, and we were back at the river's bank, where we stopped to wind and water our horses. Then across the river again, with Brassu on our left and only two leagues to go. But noon was long since past, and I saw Fronsac, with anxious eyes, mark the declining sun. Still on and on we went, and I could feel my mount trembling between my knees. Plainly there was no qpestion here of sparing horses.

"Around that bend, up the hill beyond, and we are there!" cried my companion at last. "Look to your pistols!"

I drew them from their holsters, one after the other, and assured myself that they were primed and ready for service.

In a moment we weer around the bend of the road, and before us lay a long, gentle slope. Up this we spurred, and there beneath us in the valley stood the chateau, peaceful and smiling under the bright sun of the Midi. I could see half a dozen lacqueys lolling about the great gate. But it was not at them I looked. It was at a gleam of arms and warlike equipage which was just topping the opposite slope and my heart leaped, for I knew that it must be the force of Roquefort.

There was a thrill in that moment worth a year of life. How my blood sang!

But no pausing there! Again the spur and down the slop we rushed, our mounts responding gamely with a last burst of speed. Roquefort's men may

Fine Centennial Memorials

WHEN this country celebrated the centennial of its independence it was many times more populous and much larger and stronger than Argentina is today. The United States had greater resources and more international prestige.

In that year, 1876, there was a big international exposition, in Philadelphia, and some interesting exercises, historical, literary and civic, were held in various towns. There were few Americans then who thought that they would live to see a finer, higher plan of celebrating the first century of a nation's independent existence carried into effect by any "dago" country.

But that, is seems, has been done. It is impossible not to admire the scope and varied excellence of the Argentine method of rendering permanently noteworthy the completion of the first one hundred years of independence, in the most progressive country of South America.

There have been fine, large expositions, not one immense show, but a series planned for special purposes. Upon them the government spent about $1,500,000 in all, which is not a great sum, as money is used in these days, but quite a national contribution, nevertheless, to that one feature of a many-sided centennial.

Many other things were done which have a lasting value. Some are great public improvements like the magnificent Plaza del Congreso, the space opened in front of the national Congressional Palace, in Buenos Ayres. This park has cost nearly $6,000,000.

Several monuments will also mark the Argentine centennial year. Five statues of Argentine heroes and patriots have been placed in various parks in Buenos Ayres. Another will soon be finished. In Cordoba a notable monument to an Argentine scholar and patriot has been unveiled.

But the most remarkable part of Argentina's celebration, in some respects, was the extent of the movement to commemorate the centennial of national independence by building new and fine high schools. It was a notable demonstration of the interest which the people of that Spanish-Italian country have manifested in popular education.

Nine cities have built or are now completing memorial high schools in honor of the centennial of the country, and it must be remembered that Argentina has few large

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MRS. MATTIE CAMFIELD.
Gobleville, Mich.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th of July, 1909.
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have seen us in the same instant and understood our mission, for they came tearing down the other slope to head us off. The cries, the beat of horses' hoofs, the rattle of arms, reached to the chateau. At a glance I saw the lacqueys laboring at the great gates—we should be in time—the chateau was safe—we would win the race!

Then, of a sudden, came a shrill, frenzied cry from my companion, and he jerked his horse about and galloped full course towards the river. For an instant I thought him seized with sudden madness, but as my eyes followed him I saw a sight which made my heart stand still.

Almost on the river bank an arbor had been built, and at its door a girl was standing. I saw at a glance her beauty and the richness of her dress. It must be mademoiselle—it could be no other! In a flash, I too had pulled my horse around and galloped after my companion. Thank God, there was not far to go!

"This way, this way, Valerie!" cried Fronsac, standing up in his stirrups, frenzied with excitement.

She stood for an instant confused, uncertain, looking at him. Then she sped towards him, her face alight.

I thought for a breath that he must ride her down, but he jerked his horse back upon its haunches, leaned down and swung her to the saddle before him. She threw her arms about him and laid her head upon his breast. I felt my eyes grow wet with sudden tears as I saw the tenderness of that gesture.

It seemed given in the face of death, for down the hillside at us thundered Roquefort's rascals. There was no escape—yet a man must not die unavenged, and I snatched my pistols out and fired at the leaders. I saw one of them grimace in agony; down he came, headlong; a horse stumbled and fell, throwing another off its feet. I tried to pull my mount aside, but in an instant the flood of cursing men and tangled, kicking beasts had overwhelmed me and borne me down, then caught me up again and hurled me down the hill. I caught a glimpse of my companion standing at bay, his back to the river, his fair burden still in his arms, still gazing up into his face—what an instant for a man to die! Then the flood was over me again and crushed the light away.

CHAPTER VI.

I Taste of Roquefort's Temper.

"Again!" cried a rude voice, and some unseen power caught me up and thrust me under water. It was icy cold and I felt dimly, without caring greatly, that I was suffocating. Then I was plucked forth again—ah! how sweet the good air was! I drew a long breath and opened my eyes.

The river was flowing at my feet. A sturdy knave supported me on either side and looked questioningly at a man who stood two paces off. It was they who had plunged me under water. Hot with rage, I tried to shake them off, but they held me as though I were a child.

"That is better!" cried the man. "He seems to have come to his senses. Stand him against that tree."

They led me to the tree pointed out and stood me up against it. I wiped the water from my eyes and looked about me again. This time I understood. I was a prisoner and the man directing the affair was no doubt the Duc de Roquefort. He came close to me where I stood, still trembling with exhaustion.

"I suppose you see the desperate nature of your case," he said coolly, his deep-set eyes glittering full into mine. He had a swarthy face, not uncomely, though lined with passion, and his eyes were like a basilisk's. "You will see it still more clearly when I assure you that there is only one possible way for you to save your life—that is, by answering truthfully my questions."

He paused a moment as though to permit his words to sink deep into my consciousness. There was need that I should think quickly. I glanced towards the chateau and saw that the gates were closed and the tower manned. I looked at Roquefort's troop, lolling in the edge of the wood along the river, waiting his pleasure. One group, however, was still under arms, and my heart leaped as I saw they were on guard with Fronsac and mademoiselle in their midst. If by some lie I could hold Roquefort here for two hours or even less, M. le Comte might yet be in time for rescue. I felt my captor's eyes on mine and turned away for fear he would read my thought.

"You understand?" he asked, after a moment.

I nodded.

"And you agreed?"

"Proceed, Monsieur," I said.

"You were with Cadillac?" he asked.

"At Montauban—yes, Monsieur."

"Come, no lies. He is near by."

"No nearer than Montauban, Monsieur,"

He glared at me for a moment, but my strength had come back to me, and this time I could meet his gaze without shrinking.

"Then what do you and Fronsac here?" he demanded.

"My friend carries a message to Madame," I answered readily, glad to find answer that was near the truth. "He chose me to ride hither with him."

He looked at me yet a moment, then turned away and gazed towards the chateau, twisting his moustaches and muttering to himself.

"If I had proof—if I had proof—there would yet be time to capture the woman too, and send this pretty place up in smoke!"

He turned again to me with those snake's eyes of his agleam.

"Is this true?" he demanded between his teeth. "Tell me again, is this true? Think well before you answer. A lie will cost you such hours of agony as you have never dreamed of."

"There is M. de Fronsac," I suggested. "Ask him also.

He laughed harshly.

"M. de Fronsac prefers to hold his tongue," he said. "Think you I should otherwise have troubled to bring you back to life? Answer me. Is this true?"

"It is true," I repeated.

"Very good. I am going to believe you. But if I find you have betrayed me——" A look finished the sentence, which, indeed, needed, no other ending.

I did not flinch under his gaze. Could I but keep him there until M. le Comte laid hold of him, I need care little for his threats.

He hurried away from me and was soon preparing for the attack in a manner which bespoke his skill in warfare. Four men were sent across the valley to the heights beyond to watch the road by which Fronsac and I had come, and so guard against surprise. A hundred men were massed opposite the great gate of the chateau, and two parties of perhaps fifty passed out of sight behind either wing. A moment later an order came to the men who were guarding me, and I was led towards the group that stood about the other prisoners.

I saw Fronsac looking towards me with joyful face, and then he stooped and whispered a few words into the ear of Mademoiselle. What they were I could only guess, but she arose from the log on which she had been sitting and turned her bright face towards me. Then, for the first time, I caught the full power of her beauty, and as I looked I did not wonder that d'Aurilly should turn traitor or Fronsac risk his life for her, since in their hearts there was no other face like that which lived in mine.

"So you still live, Marsan!" cried my friend, as the group parted to let me through. "But I am glad!" and he came towards me, holding out his hands.

My heart warmed to him anew as I hastened forward to grasp them, but one of the guards stepped between.

"No talking!" he said gruffly. "It is M. le Duc's order."

I felt my cheek crimson at his insolence, and for an instant my hands itched to be at his throat, but I caught Fronsac's eyes fixed on me warmingly, and realized that no good could come of violence. So we sat down with Roquefort's man between us and watched the attack on the chateau with feelings I need not describe.

Events had gone forward there even in the few minutes my attention had been drawn away. The force at the main gate had armed themselves with a great log, and, even as we turned towards them, a pistol-shot gave the signal which put it in motion. At the same instant a great uproar arose behind the chateau, proving that the attack had begun there also. The men with the log moved slowly at first, but faster and faster as they gathered momentum. As they neared the gate a dozen muskets were fired from the walls, and some few of Roquefort's men fell, but the forward rush did not pause nor waver. Plainly the garrison of the chateau was too small to make effective resistance, and my heart fell within me. What if I had done wrong in keeping Roquefort here? What if M. le Comte should, after all, arrive too late? You can guess the agony of the thought!

On and on swept the rush, and the log was hurled against the gate with a tremendous crash. In a moment it was caught up again like a wisp of straw, borne backward, and hurled forward. I saw a group of the assailants linger at the gate, then suddenly scurry away from it. There came a flash of flame, a roar, and a great cloud of smoke whirled skyward.

"A petard!" cried Fronsac. "They have fired a petard!"

As the smoke passed, we saw that one of the gates had been blown inward, but the other still hung by its bars. With a cheer, the assailants rushed forward. It was over then! I had lost M. le Comte and his wife and his chateau! Now, indeed, would he have cause to hate me!

But of a sudden the four sentries burst out of the wood at the hill-crest like men possessed and scoured down into the valley. I saw Roquefort exchange a hurried word with them, give a quick order, then spur towards us, and as he neared us I marked how rage distorted his face and made it hideous.

"Bring up a dozen horses—the freshest!" he cried to the guard, and as the men hastened away he turned to me. "Monsieur," he said in a voice that chilled me, "I warned you of your fate should you betray me, but it seems you did not heed the warning. You counted, perhaps, on a rescue. But you will never see Cadillac again—oh, how I shall pay you for this!"

His eyes were glaring into mine, bloodshot, venomous, and I confess that at the bottom of my soul I feared him. Yet still I managed to achieve a smile.

"We shall see, M. le Duc," I said.

He seemed choked with rage and answered only by an angry gesture of the arm which hastened up the horses. In a moment Fronsac and I were bound to two of them and Mademoiselle strapped to a pillion behind a brawny soldier. I was hot with rage at the roughness with which they treated her, and I saw Fronsac straining at his bonds, his face livid. But in a breath we were off, the three of us with our little escort, at first under the trees along the river, then up the slope beyond. As we reached the crest, I looked back and saw Roquefort marshalling his forces at the edge of the wood to cover our retreat, and beyond, along the road I fancied I caught a glimpse of M. le Comte's troops, but we were deep among the trees again before I could make sure.

Down the hill we went at a pace which, tied to the saddle as I was, seemed doubly foolhardy. Plainly our escort had their orders, and feared death less than the displeasure of their master. Evening was at hand, and under the great trees it was soon so dark that the man before me, leading my horse, seemed but a shadow. Yet they appeared well acquainted with the ground, and there was not a moment's slackening of our speed.

At last we emerged from the forest into a rough road, and for a moment the brightness seemed almost that of noonday, so great was the contrast with the gloom of the woods. A wide and fertile plain lay before us, and away to the south I could see a range of mountains faintly outlined against the sky, and I knew they were the Pyrenees.

The road led us southward along a river, which I guessed was the Ariege. But though the land seemed fertile and promising, there were few houses—only a narrow peasant's hut here and there, more squalid than any I had ever seen in our good Marsan country. So when, presently, there appeared ahead, standing just at the edge of the road, a building of more than usual size, I looked at it with no little interest. As we neared it, I saw standing before the door two horses with women's equipage, and of a sudden the leader of our troop put his fingers to his mouth and blew a shrill blast.

Almost on the instant the door opened and two women came out, attended by a little, fat man, evidently the keeper of the house. They stood looking at us for a moment, then turned to mount their horses. There seemed something strangely familiar about one of the figures. As she stood, I could not see her face, for she wore a hood pulled over her head and a cloak wrapped about her to protect her from the cold—then, with a start, I recognized the cloak. It was mine—the one I had dropped in the halway of the house in the Rue Gogard. And with fast-beating heart I knew that it was Claire who wore it!

Some exclamation must have escaped me, for the fellow at my right asked me roughly what the matter was. I did not answer, and we rode on in silence. In a moment we had pulled up before the house, and our leader rode ahead to exchange a word with the women. Then he came back again and ordered forward the horse on which Mademoiselle was mounted. She was unstrapped and assisted to alight, then led into the inn, doubtless for refreshment.

But I was not thinking of her, I was watching Claire—the poise of her figure, her superb grace in the saddle. Slowly she reined her horse around until she faced us, and I saw her examining the members of the troop. With feverish lips, I watched her eyes as they went from face to face—and in a moment I was looking straight into them, with the blood bounding to my temples.

For a breath she held me so, then turned her eyes away, slowly, indifferently, without a sign that she had known me!

And of a sudden I found myself shivering with cold, and remembered, for the first time that afternoon, that my clothing was still dripping with the water of the river.

(To be Continued.)

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Some Candidates for Parliament.

Saturday Review.

More than 30 are Jewish in race, religion and loyalty, and according to a list published in this week's Jewish Chronicle are mostly Radicals. There are others, like Messrs. Goldberg, Goldstone, Goldman and Henle, who, although of undiluted Jewish blood, are not identified with Jewish interests and in consequence are not included in the Jewish Chronicle's list. Several more, like Mr. Primrose, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Mallaby-Deeley and Baron de Forrest, are only of partly Jewish origin. In some constituencies, such as North Paddington, South St. Pancras and Sunderland, theer are two Jewish candidates in the field. Many of the Jewish candidates, such as Mr. Henry, Mr. Montagu, Mr. Levy Lever, Mr. Lincoln and Colonel Lucas, have surnames which do not indicate their racial origin.

There are, of course, many candidates other than Jews who are not of British or Irish nationality. Thus Messrs. Astor and Seaverns are Americans, Count Gourowski is apparently a Pole, the three Radicals, Messrs. Clozza Money, Ralli and Bernacchi, are of Latin or Greek origin, while their fellow Radicals, Sir C. E. Schwan and Messrs. Holzapfel, Reiss, Schunck and others have cognomens which are decidedly German.

Calls Girls Irreligious.

Dr. Stanley Hall, president of Clark university, Worcester, Mass., and a prominent psychologist, in statements made recently that girls turning 16 years of age are absolutely irreligious, has stirred up a wave of indignation among prominent society people and educators in the Bay state.

Among those who have "hooted" Dr. Hall's opinion are Miss Margaret Vance, Miss Anne Rosalind Burt and Mrs. Leslie McIntire.

Dr. Hall said: "The budding girl is as baffling a problem as the soul of a woman, and the world now knows that instead of no soul at all, woman now has one, two, three or four more than man.

"The young girl is absolutely irreligious in her nature. She sees only the immediate present, whereas a boy looks into the future.

"Her thoughts are turned to rats, puffs, psyche knots, fudges, giggles and other ephemeral things."

FAMILY OF FIVE

All Drank Coffee From Infancy.

It is a common thing in this country to see whole families growing up with nervous systems weakened by coffee drinking.

That is because many parents do not realize that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which causes the trouble.

"There are five children in my family," writes an Iowa mother, "all of whom drank coffee fron infancy up to two years ago.

"My husband and I had heart trouble and were advised to quit coffee. We did so and began to use Postum. We are now doing without medicine and are entirely relieved of heart touble.

(Caffeine causes heart trouble when "Our eleven-year-old boy had a weak digestion from birth, and yet always craved, and was given, coffee. When we changed to Postum he liked it and we gave him all he wanted. He has been restored to health by Postum and still likes it.

"Long live the discoverer of Postum!"

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Lobsters Washed Ashore in a Storm.

Lewiston Journal.

During the recent storm, which was the worst that has swept the New Brunswick coast in a number of years, thousands of lobsters of all sizes have been washed ashore on the North Beach at Rexton. For a distance of several hundred yards a reef was formed on the shore of all sorts of fish, including an immense quantity of rock cods as well as lobsters, which fishermen say are more than all the traps would secure in a season.

Thousands of birds of the sea were on the beach eating the soft part of the lobsters and leaving only the claws, which are strewn about in all directions. Although there have been many severe storms here in the past no one recalls an event of this kind. A great many have visited the beach to watch the gulls and other birds ravenously enjoying the feast spread for them.

A Blasted Romance.

Upon an egg she wrote her name;
She also wrote the date.
Romantic friendship was her game—
She knew that she must wait.
She waited long with inward pain
And mingled hopes and fears,
And then she found that egg had lain
In storage all those years.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Millions of Furs

THE marvel of the fur trade is not the demand, but the supply. Nature insures the loud and long call of the market for the skins of animals which bear beautiful, warm fur. Imitations do not fill the bill. They are far inferior in attractiveness and often in durability to the genuine product of the wilderness and the waters.

But the way in which the supply is maintained is wonderful. Always the boundaries of the forests and the open spaces untilled and unoccupied grow narrower. However slow, the change is constant. Every year there is less natural shelter for the fur-bearing animals than there was the year before.

In the sea, the lakes and the rivers there is no such narrowing of limits, but the waters are searched by hunters and trappers with increasing resources and in larger numbers. It is harder and harder for seals and otters to escape pursuit and live in peace.

Yet nature makes a strong fight for the animals man so relentlessly hunts for their pelts. They give way slowly before the increasing force of the attack, and they keep up their numbers far better than they could reasonably be expected to, in view of the resources brought into action against them.

Steamers do the seal hunting now, in every sea where they are found. Railroads penetrate far into the Canadian and Siberian wilds, bringing the base of the trapper's supplies ever nearer the forests where he snares his victims. Steamers ply on streams where only canoes were used, not many years ago.

But most deadly of all the changes is the rapid rise in the market price of furs. The premium put on killing the creatures which grow them has been increased so fast and so much that the chase has been stimulated to a degree never before known.

It is not a question of increased profits for manufacturers and middlemen as much as it is a remarkable advance in the market for raw furs—the sum paid to trappers by the dealers who collect skins in the regions where they are most abundant. According to a Winnipeg authority, the prices paid to the men who get the furs from their traps in the Canadian Northwest are in many cases 500 per cent higher than they were six years ago.

In 1904 muskrat skins sold for 11 cents apiece, on the average. This year they have been marketed at 70 cents. A skunk skin brought 70 cents then, and now it sells for $3. The pelt of the red fox has risen from $2 to $6 in the Canadian market, and mink skins which sold at $1.75 six years ago bring $8 apiece now.

Still more extraordinary has been the advance in the price of lynx skins. Those of the same quality quoted at $3 in 1904 have sold at $30 in 1910. In the same time the rise in wolf skins has been from $1.50 apiece to $4. The destructive little weasel's pelt sells for 60 cents, to the trappers. Only six year ago all he could get for it was 10 cents. The finer fur of the Canadian badger is quoted now at $3, as the price paid to the man who traps that hardy and powerful beast. It was worth only 50 cents in 1904, in the same market.

Similar reports come from the opposite side of the globe. A sharp rise has taken place in the market value of Australian opossum skins which are marketed by millions every year, and chinchilla of South America, especially common in the Andean region of Peru and Chile, has become much higher priced than ever before.

Even rabbit skins have gone up about 100 per cent in the last few years, notwithstanding the extraordinary fecundity of the animal which often serves as a type of abounding and increasing life. In the great fur-market of Nijni Novgorod, in Russia, where furs and skins are collected from many lands, the rise in prices has affected everything in this great field of traffic. Sheepskins, lambskins, dogskins, calfskins, with the hair on, to be worn or used for robes, all have advanced like the pelts of the wild fur-bearers of the forests and mountains.

Yet the supply holds up well. In Canada there is no evidence of marked change in the number of fur-producing animals. It may be that the increased vigor of the pursuit offsets, temporarily, the thinning of their numbers, but the millions of pelts brought to market every year is evidence that there are still myriads of them in the woods and along the streams of that vast wilderness which stretches north and west from the frontiers of civilization to the Arctic Ocean.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico, where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 594, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thonsand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

Washington Squirrels.

Washington Star.

According to special policemen assigned to duty in the various parks throughout the city the number of squirrels which cavort about the public reservations is rapidly decreasing. A number of the little animals are killed annually by dogs despite the vigilance of the park guards. Owing to the limited number of nut bearing trees in this city the policemen are required to give them nuts and other food supplies.

Another reason advanced for the decrease of Washington's squirrel population is their migration to woods on the outskirts of the city. Some perish in the attempt, and those that reach the woods never return.

Several years ago there was a small colony of the snow white squirrel in Seaton park, but the tribe has entirely disappeared. The species seem to have been too delicate for this climate. The first male specimen was brought from the Mississippi valley some five years ago and was turned loose in Seaton park.

The Farmstead

CORN SHOW PLAN IS HUGE AFFAIR

The program for the fourth annual National Corn exposition, to be held January 30 to February 11, in the eight immense buildings on the Ohio State Exposition grounds at Columbus, has just been completed, and provides for one of the greatest national agricultural expositions ever held in the world.

This great national corn exposition will be a grand round-up of all state agricultural shows and agricultural meetings. The name "Corn Exposition" does not mean that only corn will be shown, for all grains and grasses, the prize winners only, at the various state shows, will be in competition for the valuable trophies.

More than 35 states will have competitive exhibits. Twenty-five state agriculture colleges and experiment stations will have scientific exhibits, each demonstrating its most advanced experimental work. These exhibits, which will be in charge of expert demonstrators, will deal, in a practical way, with nearly every phase of the science of agriculture.

For instance: North Carolina will emphasize the cotton industry—from the growing plant to the manufactured article—with cotton gin and loom in actual operation, while Illinois will especially emphasize soil work. Never before in the history of the world has there been such a showing of results in agriculture, based on scientific investigation.

The federal department of agriculture will be represented with its famous exhibit which fills two large furniture cars, and which has just been returned from the international exposition at Buenos Ayres.

Important among the many meetings, exhibits and other special features of this greatest of agricultural expositions may be mentioned the meetings of the American Breeders' association; the Ohio Dairymen's association, the National Rural Life conference, the Ohio Conservation association, the Ohio Corn Improvement association and numerous live stock associations. There will be special features of vital interest to the Y. M. C. A., churches, colleges, schools, the farmer, and the city man and their families alike.

Special entertainment features will include a two-ring winter circus, band concerts with vocal soloists, and moving pictures.

Speakers of nation-wide reputation will deliver addresses daily on the National Corn Exposition program.

Program in Detail.

The program for the fourth annual National Corn Exposition to be held in the group of eight buildings on the Ohio State Exposition grounds January 30 to February 11, is as follows:

Monday, Jan. 30—Exposition opening day. Official opening exercises in evening at 8 o'clock in Exposition auditorium. Addresses by Governor Harmon, of Ohio; Mayor Marshall, of Columbus; President Pretzman and Secretary Bassell, of the Columbus Chamber of Commerce; President E. D. Funk and Secretary and General Manager Geo. H. Stevenson, of the National Corn Exposition.

Tuesday, Jan. 31.—National Live Stock Day. Attractive program in the interest of live stock industry. Speakers of national and international reputation.

Wednesday, Feb. 1—American Breeders' Association Day. Program in charge of American Breeders' association.

Thursday, Feb. 2—National Dairy Day. Speakers, Governor Warner, of Michigan; Governor Harmon, of Ohio; G. W. Sisson, Potsdam, N. Y.; Wilbur Marsh, Waterloo, Iowa; Prof. H. E. Eckles, Columbia, Mo.; Dr. W. O. Thompson, president Ohio State University, Columbus, O. National Dairy banquet, Exposition auditorium, in the evening. Ohio State Dairymen's association, host. Dairy dishes will be served. Governor Warner will deliver the principal address, his topic to be "The Old Fashioned Dairy." John D. Nichols, of Ohio, will be toastmaster. Plates for 1,500 guests.

Friday, Feb. 3—National Corn Day. Speakers, P. G. Holden, Iowa; C. G. Williams, Ohio; G. I. Christie, Indiana; William Deitrick, Illinois. Corn banquet in evening, Exposition auditorium. Plates for 1,500 guests. Corn dishes will be served. Ohio Corn Improvement association, host. James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, address on "The Evolution of American Agriculture." Senator Burton of Ohio, Senator Clapp of Minnesota, and others will speak. Governor Harmon of Ohio, will preside. Secretary Sandles, Ohio State Board of Agriculture, toastmaster.

Saturday, Feb. 4—Conservation Day. Speakers, Gifford Pinchot, ex-forester for the government, and W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central R. R. Co. James R. Garfield, chairman.

Second Week.

Monday, Feb. 6—Address in afternoon by Governor Pennewill, of Delaware. Subject, "The Farmer As a Statesman." "

Tuesday, Feb. 7—Opening of National Rural Life conference. Vital problems in agriculture will be discussed. Meetings and conferences will be of interest to everyone. Plan to attend and participate in discussions. Great mass meeting in forenoon. Dr. L. H. Bailey, dean and director of the New York Agricultural college of Cornell university, ex-chairman of the Roosevelt Country Life commission, chairman. "Commercial Co-operation in the Rural Community" will be the topic. In the afternoon Dr. Bailey will deliver an address on the same subject.

Wednesday, Feb. 8—Address by A. E. Roberts, international secretary of the county work department of the Y. M. C. A. Dr. Warren H. Wilson, superintendent of the Church and Country Life Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian church, will speak on "The Country Church and Community." Afternoon: Addresses by Willet M. Hays, assistant secretary of agriculture; Prof. A. B. Graham, of Ohio State university, and Miss Mabel Carney, of Cheney, Wash., bearing on the problems of the rural school.

Thursday, Feb. 9—Kenyon L. Butterfield, president of Massachusetts Agricultural college, and an ex-member of the Roosevelt Country Life commission, chairman of mass meeting in the morning. "Social Co-operation in the Rural Community" will be discussed. Mr. Butterfield will deliver an address on the same subject in the afternoon.

Friday, Feb. 10.—"Co-operation between Producer and Consumer" will be the topic. Prominent economists and representatives from the co-operative organizations of all sections of the country will join in the discussions.

Saturday, Feb. 11.—States' Day. Program of interest to representatives of every state and every country. Exhibits will remain intact until midnight.

Freak Newspapers.

Lady's Pictorial.

The latest freak newspaper hails from Madrid and provides its readers with letterpress that can be read in the dark. The ink is prepared with some preparation of phosphorus. If the method became popular, the sensation mongering editor might take undue advantage of this "writing in fire" to emphasize his most lurid headlines. But, after all, the Spanish journalist's appeal is only to the eye, whereas a French journal has gone one better and prin's its columns with strictly innocuous ink, on thin sheets of dough, which can be eaten when read, so that the publication can be a feast in a double sense, and food for mind and body alike. To such departures does an up-to-date press commit itself.

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the home of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Have any of The Blade readers tried growing strawberries from seed? If so, please give the Farmstead the benefit of the experience.—E., W. a.

I have a big fat hog that eats heartily, and seems to be healthy, but at times its feet and legs draw up against its body, and it trembles and falls, and can't walk for a day or two. Will some reader kindly give me a name for the disease and a remedy?—G., Anniston, Mo.

How can I keep gold fish alive in a house where gas is used? Mine all die for me.—M., Dubois, Pa.

We had a cow running in the stalk field and she seemed well and hearty and in good condition at night, but was dead the next morning. Conditions showed that she had died without a struggle. On her shoulder and neck was a large puff and blood ran from her nostrils. Can some reader tell me the cause of death, and whether it was a disease that is contagious?—G., Anniston, Mo.

Will some one please tell me how to care for currants? At what age may they be expected to bear? How long should they be cultivated? Is it best to spray—with what and when?—B., Grand Ledge, Mich.

What is the right time to set out strawberries, how to trim and care for the same? I never raised any and would like full information.—H., Oberlin, Ohio.

I have a sow that has what some people call kidney worms. I have taken her six pigs away from her, but she is no better. She has been down for about six weeks. She is hearty. Will somebody offer a remedy?—S., Pulaski, Ky.

NON-BEARING TREE

I see a question about a cherry tree that doesn't bear. The trouble is there is not enough iron in the soil to support the tree. The owner should drive the roots of the tree full of rusty nails or pieces of rusty iron. I had a tree in the same condition, and found this remedy valuable.—B., Hancock, Md.

HORSE HAS INDIGESTION

P., Warren, Pa.: The horse of which you write has common indigestion. Colic would kill him quickly and acute indigestion would also do the work in short order. If he has another attack give him one quart of raw linseed oil, one-half ounce of laudanum, one-fourth ounce of turpentine and one-half ounce of sweet spirits of nitre—mixed. As a preventive feed him one tablespoonful bicarbonate of soda, twice a week. This will keep his stomach sweet and in good shape.—F., Economy, Ind.

SLOW CHURNING AGAIN

Ed. Farmstead: I have read with interest the questions and answers concerning slow churning, and I think I can safely say that one man who answered was not rightly informed. All milk coming from cows has a per cent of butter fat, and if rightly handled will produce butter. It may be of poor quality for various reasons, but it makes no difference if the cows are to freshen within a few days. It will make butter just the same. The conditions in winter are different than in summer on account of feed and temperature of the milk. In summer it will readily separate at from 50 to 60 degrees F., but in winter one may have to warm it up 80 or 90 degrees to make it gather at all, but it will make butter if you get it warm enough. The proper way is to separate the cream from the milk and keep it in a cool place until enough has been collected for a churning, and then put in one pint of thick sour milk for each gallon of cream, and let it stand until it has soured. Then warm up, putting hot water around the cream (never in it) and when warm enough it will make butter in less than an hour.—R., Condersprct, Pa.

CROPS KEEP PACE WITH U. S. FAMILY

Frequent assertions that the fertility of the soils is washing into the streams and that the productivity of cultivated land is diminishing are misleading the public into the belief that the agriculture of this country is decadent and that there is life in the old formula that population must tend to increase at a greater rate than subsistence. So states the chief of the bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture in his annual report for 1910 at the beginning of a discussion of the ability of agriculture to maintain population in this country.

The ability of the soil and the agricultural arts and sciences, concludes the chief of the bureau of statistics, to produce crops at a rate of increase greater than either the normal rate of increase of population, or the normal as temporarily influenced by immigration, has been demonstrated times innumerable by the department of agriculture, by the experiment stations, and by the intelligent farmers all over the country.

The situation cannot be understood, he says, until it is examined historically. This is a country in which millions upon millions of acres of fresh land have been coming into production faster than the domestic consumption has required, and at times beyond the takings of importing foreign countries. As eminent a man as Gen. Francis A. Walker expressed the belief that under such circumstances farmers on the fresher soil were economically justified in robbing the land.

All of the historical phases of agriculture now exist in this country. First, the "soil robber;" next the diminishing production per acre on "inexhaustible land," which surprises the farmer; next the agricultural scientist, who points the way to a better agriculture and larger production per acre, with poor responses from the farmers.

In the course of time, especially when the next and perhaps the third generation takes the farm, important advances are made, at first irregularly and mostly on farms of the leading class and subsequently with increasing diffusion and accelerated speed.

For many years there have been fresh lands with rather high but stationary production, older lands with declining production, old lands beginning to improve, and some lands well advanced in improvement. As the proportions of these classes of lands have varied in relations to the entire cultivated area of each crop the national average production per acre has varied.

In the meantime the competition of new land consuming some of its capital in the production of crops has retarded, if not prevented, the improvement of old land needing conservation and a gain in fertility. The improvement of the older land is not an academic question of conservation of national resources, but it is to be worked out in the endeavors of farmers to get a living, and a better one, an end that can not be attained by a sudden high production per acre large enough in the aggregate to be overproduction, with unprofitable if not losing prices for the farmer.

Increased Production Per Acre.

A marked change in the production per acre of all crops appeared in the decade 1896-1905 in comparison with the mean of the preceding ten years. The production per acre of corn increased 7.7 per cent; of wheat, 6.3 per cent; of oats, 15.6 per cent; of barley, 11.1 per cent; of rye, 21.3 per cent; of buckwheat, 23.1 per cent; of hay, 22 per cent; of potatoes, 15.3 per cent; of cotton, 3.8 per cent; and of tobacco, 5.2 per cent.

The weather and other crop conditions of the four years 1906-1909 were not as favorable for crop production as they were in the preceding ten years, so that the production of oats per acre declined, that of hay remained stationary, and that of cotton and barley barely increased. In the case of other crops the mean production per acre continued to show large increases.

Actual Population Increase.

Corn production per acre increased from 1886-1895 to 1896-1905 at a rate which quite or very nearly equaled the actual increase of population in ten states. The list for wheat contains 22 states distributed in all parts of the United States. In the list for oats are 16 states; for barley, 15 states; for rye, 21 states; for buckwheat, 18 states; for cotton, only 1 state, Oklahoma, containing new land; for tobacco, only Wisconsin; for potatoes, 15 states, all in the potato belt; and for hay, 25 states. The average for the four years following 1905 is not based on a number of years large enough for comparison.

There is a prevalent misunderstanding with regard to the nature of the increase of population in this country. It seems to be assumed that the net immigration is to continue indefinitely at the rate of one-half to three-fourths of a million people annually. How quickly immigration can be reduced was shown by the industrial depression of 1908. No one who would take a far sight into the future would reckon upon an indefinite continuance of a considerable immigration.

Normal Population Increase.

A prevalent oversight in a consideration of this subject concerns the birth rate. The census of 1900 points to the conclusion that the birth rate of this country, after eliminating the influence of the foreign born, is about 1¼ per cent a year, or 12½ per cent for a decade.

A comparison of production per acre with the normal increase of population, that is to say, with the increase unaffected by immigration and the high birth rate of the immigrants, is the form of the problem as it will present itself more and more closely as the years elapse.

From 1886-1895 to 1896-1905 the mean production per acre of wheat increased in a greater degree than the normal increase of population in 28 states. Two other states are very near inclusion.

In the case of corn production, increased production per acre has exceeded the normal increase of population in 14 states, and very nearly the required increased production was made by 5 other states.

A long list of states gained in production of oats per acre in a greater degree than the normal increase in population. They are found in New England and along the Atlantic coast to Georgia; in important states of the Ohio Valley, north and south; in the mountain states, and in Washington.

With regard to barley, 21 states are found in a similar list; for rye the list of states numbers 30, buckwheat 19, and 3 other states are near the requirement for admission to the list. Wisconsin is the only state that has produced tobacco with an increase during the time under consideration which is larger than the normal increase of population, but the increase of tobacco production per acre is very nearly equal to this population increase in the case of 5 other states. Increase of cotton production per acre above the normal increase of population is found in 3 states, with a supplementary list of 4 states almost able to enter the list.

The list of states that produced potatoes with an increase per acre above the normal increase of population contains many of the states in the potato belt, and the number is 24, with 4 states almost eligible for admission.

The largest list of states in the consideration of the various crops in which production per acre during the period under consideration exceeded normal increase of population is found in the case of hay; 35 states are in this list with 5 more states having increases nearly sufficient for their entry, so that the hay crop of nearly the entire United States has increased in production per acre faster than the normal rate of increase of the population.

An Indiana Woman Corn Husker.

Clay City Cor. Indianapolis News.

Miss Margaret Hoffman, age 21, who lives at Prairie City, is regarded here as the queen of Indiana corn huskers. She husked 72 bushels a day for five consecutive days this fall and hopes to husk 100 bushels a day next year. Here is what she says about herself.

"This fall I engaged to gather a crop of corn for a neighbor, Mrs. Armstrong. I worked five days in succession, averaged 72 bushels of 70 pounds weight a day, and unloaded the corn myself I was in every evening and unloaded by 5 o'clock. I like the work very much—think it fine. It is now my intention to go to the cornfields of Illinois next fall for the season, as I am ambitious to make a record of 100 bushels a day, not only for a few days, but for the harvest.

Delaware Holly Berries.

Every Evening.

Because the holly trees in Sussex county are devoid of berries this year, dealers in the evergreen in all parts of the country have been compelled to have berries shipped into the county in order to make enough wreaths to supply the local orders which have been contracted for. Local men say they are not able to supply the orders by half that they have received in the last few days. According to a local dealer, there has not been such a scarcity of berries for years, which is due to the long-continued drouth last summer at the time the holly

The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach

A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished.

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgement.

This "Discovery" is a pure, glyceric extract of American medical roots, absolutely free from alcohol and all injurious, habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on its wrappers. It has no relationship with secret nostrums. Its every ingredient is endorsed by the leaders in all the schools of medicine. Don't accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this time-proven remedy OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. ASK YOUR NEIGHBORS. They must know of many cures made by it during past 40 years, right in your own neighborhood. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R.V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N.Y.

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AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS wanted to sell original Native Herbs, $1 box of 250 tablets for 60c. Address P. Melrose, Dept. 61, Columbus, Ohio.

MALE HELP WANTED.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES
IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 75. Parsons, Kans.

WANTED—Men, prepare for the train service. All roads; $65 to $100 month. Hundreds put to work. 500 more wanted. Enclose stamp for map new traction lines. Railway C. No. 39, Indianapolis, Ind

Learn to write advertisements; you can positively earn $25 to $100 a week. Ask for prospectus Free. Page-Davis Co., 13, Page Bldg., Chicago.

WANTED Men to distribute circulars everywhere; no canvassing. Enclose stamp for information. Johnson Advertising Bureau, Manceiona, Mich.

HELP WANTED.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED.- Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big-paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address E. R. Marden, Pres. The National Co-Operative Real Estate Company, L 508, Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Railway mail clerks, city carriers, postoffice, customs, internal revenue employes. Thousands of appointments coming. Average salary about $1,100; no "layoffs." Short hours; annual vacations. Common education sufficient. Political influence not needed. Send your name immediately for schedule showing places of coming examinations. Free coaching. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 32, Rochester, N. Y.

FARMS.

The Truth About Florida; by a man who bought a 10-acre farm there. Postpaid for 10c. A. R. Morris, Box 542, Tampa, Fla.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED OR NO COST—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

WANTED Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less
SOLDIERS' than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are en-
HOMESTEADS titled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.
I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.
Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

FOR SALE—MICHIGAN LAND. EASTERN KALKASKA COUNTY.
Only 5 miles to good town on Michigan Central; 4,300 ACRES in SOLID BODY; streams through it; the best piece of its size to be had for the money; price $5 per acre net.
McGUIRE & ORR,
101 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

$10,000 FOR A SONG RECENTLY PAID
Send us your song poems for examination and offer H. Kirkus Dugdale Co. Dept. 209, Washington, D.C.

$100 MONTHLY and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer, Treas., W.L. 174, Chicago.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY
and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X409; SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

MEN—WOMEN. Make money around home during spare time, selling Mentholo by leaving with families on trial. Sample free; credit given. Leighton Supply, Allegheney, Pa.

I can give you reliable personal information relative to opportunities offered by the south. If interested, write W. W. Jones, Toledo, O.

FARTHEST NORTH IN THE WAR

Place of Morgan's Surrender on an Ohio Farm Marked by Monument.

Springfield Republican.

A monument has recently been put in place on the Crubaugh farm in Columbiana county, Ohio, which marks the farthest north point reached by the Confederate forces during the civil war.

It also marks the spot where General John H. Morgan, the famous southern leader, surrendered. Many will not realize without looking at the map that Wellsville is north of Gettysburg.

For many years an old locust tree marked the place of surrender, but a short time ago it died and was cut down, the stump being taken to East Liverpool, Ohio, and placed in the public library for safe keeping as a historical relic. It was the idea of the late W. L. Thompson, the well known song writer, who lived near the scene of the fight, to erect a monument to mark the spot.

He had a fund well started when he suddenly died, but his friends took up the work and carried it through. A huge granite bowlder was put in place last year, but it was not until a few weeks ago that the bronze tablet was put in place and the monument dedicated. The table bears this inscription: "This stone marks the spot where the Confederate raider, General John H. Morgan surrendered his command to Major George W. Rue, July 26, 1863, and is the farthest point north ever reached by any body of Confederate troops during the civil war."

Rode on Ticket 25 Years Old.

From the Philadelphia Record.

A woman boarded a train on the Tyrone and Clearfield branch of the Pennsylvania railroad at Washington last week and presented a ticket calling for a passage from Wallacetown to Pittsburg which had been issued in 1885, twenty-five years ago.

Conductor Farrell was curious to know how it had been preserved so long. He asked of the woman who had tendered it where it had been during all the intervening years, and so the woman declared that twenty-five years ago she had prepared to make a trip to Pittsburg, purchasing her ticket at that time. When the train pulled into the depot at Washington en route to Pittsburg a friend disembarked for the purpose of visiting her, which made her own trip impossible then. On going home she put the ticket away. Finding it the other day she decided to obtain her money's worth and took the long planned journey.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

WILLIAM R. HEARST

I would like to have you please give me a sketch of the life of William R. Hearst.—G. W. R., Weaverville, N. C.

William Randolph Hearst, the American newspaper publisher, was born in San Francisco, April, 1863. He was graduated from Harvard and upon leaving college took charge of the publishing of the San Francisco Examiner, formerly owned by his father, Senator Hearst, of California. In 1895 he bought the New York Journal, the name of the morning edition of which he later changed to the American. Five years later Hearst started the Chicago American. He has also taken active part in state and national politics.

GEORGE F. HANDEL

I would like to have you give in these columns a short sketch of the life of George F. Handel.—O. S., Lewisville, Ind.

George Frederick Handel was one of the greatest musical composers and musicians. Though a native of Germany, he spent so large a portion of his life in England, where he composed his greatest works, that Britain may almost claim him as her own. He was born at Halle, Upper Saxony, February 23, 1684. He manifested in infancy an extraordinary passion for music, and at the age of 7, having accompanied his father on a visit to the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, he found his way to an organ, where he was heard by the duke, who remonstrated with his father, who had been opposing the bent of the child's genius. In 1698 he was sent to Berlin, where the Elector of Brandenburg was so impressed with his talents that he wished to send him to Italy. As his father would not accept this offer he returned to Halle, whence, on the death of his parent, he went to Hamburg in 1703. Here he played a violin in the orchestra of the opera, and was soon its director. He now composed his first opera, Almira, which was rapidly followed by Nero and Florinda. In Florence he composed Rodrigo, 1709. At Rome he was received at Cardinal Ottoboni's, where he heard Corelli, and beat him with his own violin for not playing to suit him in it. Trionfo del Tempo. In 1710 he returned to Germany, where he was apopinted chapel-master to the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I. At the close of the same year he went to England where he was patronized by Queen Anne and the nobility. He composed Rinaldo, Pastor Fido and, in 1715, Amadis da Gaula. A Royal Academy of Music for the cultivation of the opera was formed in 1720 and, after some competition, was placed under Handel's management. This undertaking, and other opera speculations in which he was engaged, proved very unsuccessful. Handel lost $50,000 and was compelled to retire to six la Chapelle on account of his health. In the end of 1741 he went to Dublin, where his Messiah, composed in that year, was produced for charitable purposes. He remained in Dublin about nine months and received a generous support. From this time success attended all his undertakings. On his return to London he composed his Samson, and the Messiah was performed for the benefit of the Foundling hospital. It was repeated annually for the same purpose, and from 1749-77 brought to that charity $51,500. Handel became blind, but he still composed and played on the organ, being led to his seat and forward to receive the plaudits of the audience. He assisted at the performance of one of his oratorios April 6, and died 1759, on Good Friday, as he wished, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

DANIEL BOONE

Will the Question Bureau please give a brief biography of Daniel Boone?—G. A. B., Boone, N. C.

Daniel Boone was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, February 11, 1735, died at Charlotte, Mo., September 26, 1820. His father emigrated from England. When Daniel was 18 years old the family moved to the banks of the Yadkin river, North Carolina. He married Rebecca Bryan, and passed some years as a farmer. He made several long hunting excursions, and in 1769 set out, with five others, to explore the border region of Kentucky, and hunted for several months. In December, of the same year, Boone was captured by the Indians, and his companion, named Stewart. They escaped, but were captured again, and Stewart was killed. He was joined by his brother, and they continued their explorations of the Kentucky country till March, 1771, when they returned home. In 1773 Boone left North Carolina with his family, his two brothers and five other families to settle in Kentucky. He built a blockade fort on the Kentucky, called Boonesborough, where he settled his family. He had many adventures and daring escapes, but lived at Boonesborough till 1792. There was much litigation about settlers' titles, and Boone lost his land for want of a clear title. He moved then to Missouri, 45 miles west of St. Louis, where he lived till 1804. That country then belonged to Spain, and he was given a tract of land, which he again lost by failure to get a clear title. The later years of his life he spent in Missouri with his son-in-law. In 1845 his remains and those of his wife were removed from Missouri and interred at Frankfort, Ky.

PHILIP H. SHERIDAN

Please give a sketch of the life of General Philip Sheridan in these columns.—P. A. F., Lantana, Tenn.

Philip Henry Sheridan was born March 6, 1831, and died August 5, 1888. In 1853 he graduated from West Point. He served in the army in 1861, rapidly advancing in rank the longer he served. He participated in many battles and skirmishes during the next four years. In these battles he was usually successful. In 1864 he made his famous ride. After the close of the war, in 1867, Sheridan was appointed governor of the Fifth Military district, consisting of Louisiana and Texas. He was in favor of radical measures in dealing with the southerners. In the troubles that arose as the result of these measures Grant supported him and President Johnson opposed him. He was later removed, only to be made lieutenant general of the army, when Grant became president. In 1888 he was made general. General Sheridan was a devout Roman Catholic in religion. In 1879 Sheridan married the daughter of General D. H. Rucker, of the United States army.

U. S. SUPREME COURT

Please give me the names of the members of the supreme court of the United States.—W. A. P., Eldred, Pa.

The chief justice is Edward D. White, of Louisiana, who was appointed associate justice in 1894 and chief justice in 1910. The associate justices are John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, appointed in 1877; Joseph McKenna, of California, appointed in 1898; Oliver W. Holmes, of Massachusetts, appointed in 1902; William R. Day, of Ohio, appointed in 1903; Horace Lurton, of Tennessee, appointed in 1909; Joseph R. Lamar, of Georgia; Willis Van Devanter, of Wyoming; Charles Hughes, of New York, all appointed in 1910

DAUGHTERS OF REVOLUTION

Will you please tell under what conditions a person can become a member of the Daughters of the Revolution?—E. W. I., Coopersville, Mich.

The Daughters of the Revolution is a patriotic society of women in the United States, organized in 1891. Eligibility to membership is restricted to "women who are lineal descendants of an ancestor who was a military or naval or marine officer, soldier, sailor or marine, in actual service under the authority of any of the 13 colonies or states, or of the continental congress, and remained always loyal to such authority, or descendants of one who signed the Declaration of Independence, or of one who, as a member of the continental congress or of the congress of any of the colonies or states, or as an official appointed by or under the authority of any such representative bodies, actually assisted in the establishment of American independence by service rendered during the war of the revolution, becoming thereby liable to conviction of treason against the government of Great Britain, but remaining always loyal to the authority of the colonies or states."

LEAP YEAR

Please give an explanation of leap years in the columns of the Question Bureau.—F. J. H., Waynesfield, O.

In the year 46 B. C. Julius Caesar introduced what is known as the Julian calendar, in which the length of the solar year was fixed at 365 days, to which was added every four years a day called bissextile. Then Gregory XIII. inaugurated another reform, which went into operation in October, 1582. The loss of time of 11 minutes per year in the Julian calendar had amounted in 1582 to 10 whole days. In order to prevent a recurrence of this error, it was ordered that every year ending a century should not be counted as a leap year, excepting the 400th, and the multiple of 400. Thus 1200 and 1600 were leap years, 1800 was not nor was 1900; 2000 as being a multiple of 400 will be a leap year, as well as every 400th year afterwards, in addition to every fourth year when it does not end a century.

SIMON CAMERON

Will you please give a short sketch of the life of Simon Cameron?—D. L. H., Newton, N. J.

Simon Cameron, the American statesman, was born March 8, 1799, and died June 26, 1889. He learned the trade of a printer and became the editor of several papers. He also interested himself in banking and the building of railroads, and for a time served as adjutant general of Pennsylvania. From 1845 to 1849 he was United States senator from the same state, being elected by the Democratic party. When the Republican party was formed he became a member and was elected to the United States senate again in 1856. In 1860 he was unsuccessfully supported for both the offices of president and vice president. The following year he was appointed secretary of war under Lincoln. In 1862 he resigned from the cabinet and was appointed minister to Russia. Cameron succeeded in gaining the support of the Russian government for the union cause. In the latter part of the same year he resigned and lived in retirement until 1866, when he was again elected to the United States senate. In 1873 he became chairman of the committee on foreign affairs. Five years later he retired from the senate in favor of his son, James D. Cameron. His influence over the Republican party was strong, and his power in the politics of his state was practically absolute. Cameron was a vigorous opponent of the civil service reform during the administration of President Hayes.

HISTORY OF PIANOS

Please tell what you can about the history of pianos and when we first had upright instruments.—L. H., Bliss, N. Y.

The invention of the piano cannot be attributed to any one man in particular, as it was only by a succession of improvements extending over a considerable time, and introduced by different persons, that it reached anything like completeness. The first satisfactory hammer action appears to have been invented by an Italian of Padua, named Bartolommeo Cristofali, about 1711. About five years later a Frenchman named Marius exhibited before the Academy of Sciences of Paris three models of instruments of this kind in which the strings were struck by hammers; and a little later a German organist of Nordhausen, called Shorter, appears to have invented a similar instrument independently, two specimens of which he presented to the Elector of Saxony in 1721. The soft pedal and damper were the inventions of an Englishman named Broadwood, an Irishman conceived the idea of building it upright, and Jonas Chickering of Boston worked out many details and made the piano more like it is today. Up to 1866 nearly all the pianos were square pianos, and now 97 per cent are uprights.

PENNSYLVANIA FORESTS

I would like to know something about the forests of Pennsylvania.—J. H. M., Litchfield, Pa.

Until 1876, when the supply of white pine in this state had become nearly exhausted by the wasteful methods which marked the decade ended in 1870, the timber of Pennsylvania was accounted one of the most valuable of its natural resources. Since 1833 Williamsport has been, as it still is, the center of the lumber industry. Hemlock has now become the principal variety of timber cut in the state and constitutes 33 per cent of the entire product of lumber. It is still found in considerable quantities in northern Pennsylvania. Oak, white pine, poplar, and spruce rank next to hemlock in importance in the order named. Since 1901, when the forestry department was created and the Reservation commission was authorized to purchase land that the state ought to possess for forest reservation, 572,222 acres of mountain land have been acquired or are in process of acquisition.

SALARIES OF PUBLIC OFFICIALS

I would like to know the salaries of the President, Vice-President, U. S. senators and representatives, the supreme court judges, and the cabinet officers.—J. C. S., Clifty, Ind.

The salary of the President of this country is $75,000 per year; of the Vice-President, $12,000; of the senators and representatives, $7,500; the speaker of the house, $12,000; the chief justice of the United States supreme court, $13,000; and the associate justices, $12,500. The cabinet officers each receive $12,000 per year.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. A., Waupun, Wis.—Your chairman was wrong. The amendment was in order.

J. S., Blissfield, Mich.—The number of representatives each state is entitled to is determined by their population. There are two senators from each state.

H. B., Burkettsville, O.—There are 46 states and the territories of New Mexico, Arizona, Alaska, and Hawaii in the United States.

M. B., Valois, N. Y.—There were several kings of England named William. We do not know which one you mean.

I. Y., Auburn, W. Va.—An account of the bad lands was published in these columns on November 14, 1910.

J. C. B., Arroyo Grande, Cal.—We cannot give you the name of any publishing company.

E. S., Niles, Mich.—We do not solve puzzles through the Question Bureau.

"Lame Leg Well"

"I wish to say that I have used Sloan's Liniment on a lame leg that has given me much trouble for six months. It was so bad that I couldn't walk sometimes for a week. I tried doctors' medicine and had a rubber bandage for my leg, and bought everything that I heard of, but they all did me no good, until at last I was persuaded to try Sloan's Liniment. The first application helped it, and in two weeks my leg was well."—A. L. HUNTER, of Hunter, Ala.

Good for Athletes.

Mr. K. GILMAN, instructor of athletics, 417 Warren St., Roxbury, Mass., says:—"I have used

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

with great success in cases of extreme fatigue after physical exertion, when an ordinary rub-down would not make any impression."

Sloan's Liniment has no equal as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints.

Prices, 25c., 50c. & $1.00

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address

Dr. Earl S. Sloan,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

THE WAY OF THE FISHERMAN

It Is Made Hard for Him When He Has a Big Story to Tell.

"A fisherman who was worming for trout on the Ythan," says a writer in Bailey's Magazine, "had just laid his rod down to visit his sandwich box, when without warning it suddenly rose in the air and soared away like a Bleriot biplane over Esselmont woods.

"For one wild moment he thought there were visions about, but the explanation was soon apparent. A trout had first seized the worm and had then in turn been seized and gorged by a heron. Away flapped the heron, only to find that it had captured something of unusual weight.

"Still, it bravely flew toward its nest in the treetops, and the angler might never more have recovered his rod had it not got entangled in some telegraph wires with the result that the cast snapped, the heron went free and the rod was eventually restored to its owner.

"I remember telling this story to a man who before I had ever got as far as the telegraph wires interrupted me with the assurance that it was mere everyday commonplace to what had once befallen a friend of his when manseer fishing in India.

"It seems that his angling friend was casting with a large spoon and in a back east drive it into the ear of tiger which had been going to spring on him from behind. Goaded by the pain, the brute sprang clean over him and into the river, and the fisherman actually played it for an hour as it swam to and fro in mid-stream.

"It is such stories which bring down on fishermen the unmerited reproach of being liars.

"Once when I had been describing some memorable fight with one of the big fish of the past I wrote:

"'I live over those tense moments again and again.'

"Did the printer so interpret me? Not at all. What he preferred was:

"'I lie over those tense moments again and again!'

"This sort of thing is very hard. What made it worse at the time was the fact that the friend who drew my attention to the misprint was a golfer!"

FLORIDA FARM COLONIZATION

A Florida land selling and colonization project which possesses more than ordinary merit inasmuch as the land is unusualy desirable and the promoters men of unquestionable integrity, is that which is now being advertised over the name of the Florida Homeland Company.

The president of the company is Senator A. S. Mann, a resident of Florida for 40 years. He has had many years' practical experience in the development of the state's agricultural resources, was president of the Florida State Agricultural Association and came into national prominence a few years ago as one of the leaders of the National Good Roads Association.

The Florida Homeland Company offices are located at Sanford, Fla.

Canadian Lynx in Maine.

Lewiston Journal.

The Canadian lynx has for years been believed to have wholly deserted this section of northern Maine, yet E. H. Kenniston and Everett Hewey, both of Phillips, who have been trapping on Redington Mountain, have recently had experiences with two.

One was caught in a trap and the other attacked Kenniston, and was shot after it had given the trapper a hard fight. Bot.. lynx were very ferocious and both were splendid fighters.

Overloading The Stomach

Causes Incomplete Digestion, Weakens the System, and Breeds Dyspepsia.

Trial Package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Free.

Gluttony is as vile a sin as drunkenness and its evil results are more terrible and far more rapid. The human system turns into the stomach and alimentary canal from 7 to 35 pounds of digestive fluid every twenty-four hours. Cram your stomach with food and you exhaust these juices. If your stomach cannot digest the food because it lacks juices to do with, you should either eat less or make more gastric fluids.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain ingredients one grain of which will digest 3,000 grains of food. With Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in your stomach the evil effects of overeating are removed, for these little tablets, when dissolved, stick to the food and digest all the good from it. They won't abandon the stomach and leave a mass of decaying undigested food to putrify and irritate the mucous membrane lining. They give greater quantities of gastric fluid, help the intestines enrich the blood, prevent constipation, and gluttony, while sinful, may yet be made less harmful by the use of these tablets.

Every druggist carries them in stock; price 50 cents per box, or send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package free by mail. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 332 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

The Indian in Politics.

St. Paul Dispatch.

A glance over the list of names of the first officials of the new county of Dewey indicates that Lo knows how to play politics when the opportunity comes his way just as well as does his palefaced brethren. There were three voting precincts, Timber Lake, White Horse and Isabel. Isabel wanted the county seat, as did Timber Lake, both being within two miles of the northern line of the new county. White Horse was not a candidate, but the results show that out of the situation White Horse gets the official list and Timber Lake got the county seat. Isabel threatens to contest everything, but the wily reds pulled out of it with practically every office in the new county as their share of the spoils.

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Sharpen your tools at my expense. I want to show you that the ancient grindstone is a back number and that the emery wheel is a menace. I want you to try positively free this genuine Alectride Farm Tool Grinder. Alectride is the only true abrasive. **It will not draw the temper from steel;** it will sharpen the dullest tool in from 5 to 5 minutes, when the grindstone would take half an hour. Alectride **never** wears out. It does not glaze over. I want to send a few of these machines out on **Free Trial** in every part of the United States. I want to put one in every locality. I want you to clip off and send the coupon at the upper right hand corner of this announcement and I will mail at once circulars explaining every detail of the offer I am making here.

I Don't Want You to Send Me a Cent of Your Money. I Don't Want Any Promise

I merely want to place this Genuine Alectride Grinder on your farm for a few days. Sharpen your dull axe, your dull scythe, your dull corn knives, your dull cold chisels, or hatchet, or any dull tool you have. See how quickly and how easily it is done. See how Alectride (made of the substance of precious stones) sharpens your tools in from one-fourth to one-twenty-fifth of the time required by a grindstone and does not heat nor draw the temper. Do all this—give this machine the most severe tests—then unless you think that you positively cannot get along without this Alectride Tool Grinder, send it back at our expense. We'll ask no questions. We'll take it back without a word, and we'll pay the transportation charges. Now send the coupon. Let us tell you all about this wonderful abrasive and our free trial offer.

Remember—Alectride is really manufactured precious stones. It is even *harder* than the hardest diamond. Alectride will scratch a diamond and cut glass like a knife cuts an apple. Send the coupon today and get full explanation of our **Great 10 Day Free Trial Offer.** Do this now. Do not delay.

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1 One Sickle Grinder Wheel (Improved)
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6 One Sickle Holding Attachment
7 One Scythe Stone (New)
8 One Harmon Special Razor Hone (New)
9 One Disc Grinding Attachment (New)
10 One Tool Rest

A SLEEPING MEMORY

Continued from First Page.

tures, or we should not be here. At the same time I do not think you are wholly disinterested. You haven't in the least a sympathetic appearance. You had a definite reason, I am sure. What was it?"

The man was Sphinx-like. There was nothing to be read from his face.

"You are quite right," he said. "I have never spoken to a woman before without a formal introduction, and only then when I have been compelled to. I am going to be ungallant enough to admit that your sex does not as a rule particularly attract me. I have other and very strong interests in my life."

She nodded.

"I imagined so. Hence my curiosity. Forgive me if I remind you that we must go in a few minutes, and you have not yet gratified it."

"That is very reasonable," he said. "I will satisfy it if I can to some extent. I think I told you that I started life as a physician. I still devote a good deal of my time to one branch of the profession, although my studies are purely private."

"I am glad you do something," she said, smiling. "Idleness is a woman's natural state, but for a man it is demoralizing."

He nodded.

"Quite right! Well, it has always seemed to me, although few people will admit it, that my profession is one which brings anyone engaged in it into a very close and actual sympathy with one's fellow-creatures generally. When I say sympathy, do not misunderstand me. I make no false claims to being a sympathetic person; I should say perhaps understanding."

Ada sat listening with wide-open eyes. Her private opinion was that their escort was a little mad. Eleanor was puzzled, but interested.

"Well!"

"I heard you speak, and I knew that your words came from your heart. There was the ring of absolute truth about them. I do not know by what accident you occupy your present position, or what your chances may be of escaping from it. I take it for granted that your own estimate of it is a faithful one. If so, you are in a hopeless state. Your life must be intolerable!"

"My life," she murmured, "is worse than intolerable."

He assented cheerfully.

"I was privileged," he continued, owing to my exceptional hearing, to become still further your involuntary confidant. You spoke of a certain visionary day, of a long, sweet draught from the cup of life, and afterwards—oblivion, what men call death."

His eyes held hers—they were bright with a certain steely radiance. She felt her heart beating fast, the music in the room beyond seemed to her to come from a far distance.

"I gathered, of course," he continued, "that you were a pagan, pure and simple. You do not possess what these silly women call soul. You are anxious, fiercely anxious, to make the best of the only life which we can possibly know anything about. I heard you speak, and the human note was strong in all that you said. It occurred to me at once that you were the woman for whom I had been seeking."

"You are very mysterious," she said slowly. "I do not remember now all that I said, but I am quite sure that there was not a single word which I did not mean."

"You spoke," he declared, "as one in extremity. You spoke as a woman who had none of the ordinary fear of death. You spoke as one who would dare great things to pass from the evil place in which fate has set you into the world beautiful."

"I am afraid of death," she said, her eyes bright, her voice tremulous with a sudden passion, "only because I do not want to die before I have lived."

He nodded.

"There are many like that," he said, but without the courage to own it. May I be quite frank with you? It may save you from embarrassment later on. I followed—not you—but the unit of humanity who felt as you felt. Personally I have interests in my life so absorbing that your sex for many years have been little else save shadows to me. That may sound ungallant, but it will help you to understand."

She smiled.

"It may," she admitted. "At present I am all at sea."

"I am going to be a little more explicit at any rate," he assured her. "I believe that in you I have found a person whose life is wholly distasteful to them, who would welcome oblivion, and who has no absolute fear of death."

"I fear death," she answered firmly, "less than I fear tomorrow and the whole future of tomorrows! Sometimes I see worse things than death before me!"

"You have no friends?" he asked.

"None!"

"No hope of deliverance?"

"None!"

"I do not wish," he said, "to seem impertinent or inquisitive. Yet it is apparent that you are not of the class which claims you now. You may have had family troubles which will right themselves."

"I have no family," she answered. "My father and mother are both dead. I am alone in the world, and there is no living person to whom I may look for help."

He glanced towards Ada, whose impatience was manifest.

"Your companion," he remarked, "looks at me as though I were a madman. I am afraid that she is in a hurry."

"She can wait," Eleanor answered curtly. "Go on!"

"Let me put an extreme case to you, then," he said, lowering his voice a little. "Supposing that you were suddenly removed from your present life, would there be any one who would have the right to search for you?"

"Not a soul!" she answered.

He nodded thoughtfully. A certain satisfaction was apparent in his pale, set face. Ada eyed him with deep distrust. To her the whole episode was capable of but one explanation. The man was plotting to get Eleanor into his power, and she was just in the mood to be an easy victim. She could scarcely keep her indignation from breaking out.

"Eleanor," she said, "it is time we were going. We are very much obliged to you, sir, for the tea, but when Eleanor says that she has no friends she says what isn't true, and she knows it. If harm came to her I'd never rest till I'd found out all about it."

He smiled at her good-naturedly.

"I am afraid," he said, "that you have misunderstood me a little. I was simply putting a supposition case, which is not in the least likely to happen."

He rose to his feet, and accepted his hat from an attendant.

"Listen," he said. "If you are what you seem to be, and if you have the courage which I believe you to possess, I think that before long I can give you a chance of escape from your present slavery. I want you to reflect once more carefully upon the questions which I have asked you and the answers which you have made."

"They need no further reflection," she said. "All that I have told you I mean. Tell me what you mean by a chance of escape?"

His eyes rested for a moment upon Ada, who stood near watching him suspiciously.

"It is not a matter to be decided upon lightly," he said. "I have your address, and I will write to you before long."

He held out his hand.

"I must thank you very much," he said, "for your society—and for your confidence. Good afternoon!"

He parted from them upon the pavement with a pleasant but conventional farewell, and they watched him call a hansom and drive off. Then they looked together at his card which Eleanor had brought out all crushed up in her hand. She straightened it out, and they moved underneath a lamppost.

"Sir Powers Fiske,
131 Hans Crescent."

"I don't care if he's a hundred times a Sir," Ada exclaimed. "I don't like him. I wish we'd never seen him."

Eleanor said nothing. But she put the card carefully in her pocket.

(To be continued.)

A NEW FARM GRINDER

A farm grinder, made of alectride, the new abrasive which has entirely displaced the emery wheel in all large manufacturing plants, is now being offered for the first time. At experiment stations where this grinder has been tried out, it has given the utmost satisfaction, and in a very short time it has sprung into pronounced popularity. This popularity is due to its perfect fitness for farm work.

The distributing house which is putting this machine out has announced that it will send out a limited number on free trial, merely to secure universal introduction as quickly as possible. One of the announcements of this house, the Harman Supply Co., 160 Harrison St., Chicago, Ill., appears in this issue.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Boston police are commanded to arrest one spitter today, two tomorrow, three the next day, and so on until all the people are in jail or expectoration has stopped. Hooray for Boston!

Glass That Won't Break.

Success.

Baccarat, France, has the honor of producing the first glass that is unbreakable. The new process has been successfully applied to the manufacture of lamp chimneys for use in coal mines containing much firedamp. The glass makers of Baccarat have also succeeded in increasing the elasticity of the glass. This they accomplished by adding magnesia and oxide to the ordinary crystal glass.

WOUNDED WILD FOWL

New York Sun.

The cunning exhibited by certain species of wild fowl when wounded is remarkable. Many a duck hunter has winged birds from a flock and seen them dive, never apparently to return to the surface again. Certain kinds of ducks which are obtuse in their willingness to come to decoys become, when struck by a bullet, little devils of almost sarcastic cleverness.

A case in point occurred not long ago when a duck hunter on the St. Lawrence showered a big coot with fine shot from the boat secluded in a rush bed. The duck first attempted to rise, but discovering that its wing was crippled, immediately dropped into the water again and dove. The hunter stood upon his boat with his gun levelled for a second shot at the bird when it should come to the surface, but he waited in vain for the reappearance of his game.

There were few ducks flying to occupy his attention, so he determined to row out and solve if possible the mystery of the coot's disappearance. The water under his decoys was shallow enough for him to see clearly the weed covered bottom, and he paddled carefully about near the spot where he had seen the wounded duck lunge below the surface. Suddenly, in the clear water below the gunwale of his boat, he saw the solution of the mystery.

Anchored a few feet from the bottom by a thick reed stalk, wings outstretched and head hanging limply down over his back, was the body of the elusive coot. With the tension of a death grip it was evident he had clutched the weed to keep himself from rising again to the surface where he had received before the pain from the wounding bullet. Rather than give himself up to this strange enemy, he had preferred to remain at the bottom.

Running his oar blade into the water, the hunter tried to detach his game; but so tenaciously did the feet cling that it was only by severing the weed itself that the duck was brought again to the surface. Even when taken into the boat, the bird's death grip remained fast upon the rush stalk.

Another instance of the straits to which a wounded duck will resort in evading a hunter was furnished by an American golden eye. The bird had been wounded among decoys in a small water hole of a frozen lake. When he dove and failed to reappear, the hunter walked to the other side of the hole, and there, through the transparent ice, was astonished to see his game swimming with both feet and wings along just under the ice. It was evident that the wounded duck, in its fright, had gone under the ice, and was frantically swimming about in search for an opening. The hunter followed the desperate bird for some little distance. Then the poor creature's strokes began to grow weaker, the wing action ceased, and finally the body lay still against the under surface of the ice. With an oar the hunter chopped out the drowned duck.

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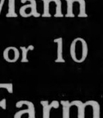

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1911.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

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Spring Wants

It is about time to begin planing for spring. For the person who follows dilatory methods time flies surprisingly fast. It is well to keep looking ahead of the calendar. This is a splendid season to keep an eye on Blade advertisements. They tell a story of opportunities. The reader owes it to himself to miss none. To get into communication with the advertiser is easier than rolling off a log.

Being a horse wouldn't be so bad if men were more humane.

Weather is like nearly everything else. One can get too much of it.

The wisest aeronaut is the one who knows when to quit and settle down.

Even January gives us a day now and then that adds to the joy of living.

A trusted employe has robbed the beef trust of $60,000. Doesn't seem probable.

Columbia beat Harvard, Yale beat Princeton at chess. There were no accidents.

Most of the men who have broken aviation records have broken their necks later.

A scientist declares that Venus is inhabited by intelligent beings. Now let him prove it.

Arbitration will always be popular with the fellow who gets the better of the settlement.

Senator Elkins left a fortune of $20,000,000. But being a statesman was not his only business.

One often hears of the meanest man, but it seems that there is no meanest woman.

It's about time for some croaker to criticise the postal bank because it's too blamed solid.

Hamilton says aviation is the king of sports. Be it so, many will continue to favor checkers.

There are said to be fewer horses in Paris. Partly from gasoline and partly from gastronomy.

The book trust has its own little system of answering awkward questions in the state legislature.

The idea that the sight of a red shirt will make hens lay would be great if it would only work.

Krupp gunmakers made a profit of $9,000,000 last year, almost as much as Mr. Carnegie's peace offering.

If hope didn't spring eternal in the human breast people wouldn't get married three or four times.

Are fathers becoming cruel? A Chicago millionaire has refused to buy a foreign title for his daughter.

A man of 82 years has been appointed to office in New York. Either a case of politics or veneration.

While salvation may be regarded as free, the Rev. Billy Sunday gets a pile of money wherever he goes.

Colorado farmers are going to make war on grasshoppers. A few regiments of turkeys would do the business.

When Uncle Joe Cannon is supremely happy he can always find language with which to express his feelings.

It won't be a high compliment to Mr. Corey if the steel company gets along better without than with a president.

Tokyo newspapers declare that Japan is not ready for war. That is a strong argument in favor of peace.

It required something like twenty years to get postal savings banks, but only a few days to discover that they are a success.

That is a good story of the German dog that can talk. Most dogs, however, will continue to do their talking with their tails.

Congress has appropriated $9,000 to investigate rural ignorance. If that is all that is required there can't be much rural ignorance.

It is said that the $2 bill is not popular with women. Maybe not, but it has always been regarded as a great convenience by politicians.

One of the greatest travelers in the country is a cold wave, notwithstanding it doesn't always know where it is going when it starts out.

The discovery that tobacco discourages cerebro-spinal meningitis will be accepted without question by countless thousands of credulous men.

"It is said that the unrest in Mexico is in reality a movement to decide who shall be president after Diaz." Must not expect the old man to live much longer.

A Chicago man declares that the end of the world is to come next year. He claims to have talked with an angel, which makes the story sound like a dream.

The Wright boys are entitled to praise for their goodness in providing for the widows and orphans of their aviators. Let us hope that the number will not become too great for them to take care of.

FINAL TEST OF THE ANTI-TRUST LAW.

The Sherman anti-trust law is to have the hardest test this year which it has yet undergone. This will be when the Standard Oil company's appeal is argued before the United States supreme court.

The suit of dissolution began as far back as 1906, the government prosecutors opening their case against the oil monopoly in St. Louis. It was charged that the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, as a holding company, owned outright the stock of sixty-five companies and these in turn owned forty-nine other corporations, the whole making up the most powerful trust ever promoted and permitted to exist. The circuit court, after deliberating upon the case for a year, unanimously decided that the Sherman law had been grossly violated. The dissolution of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey was ordered. Appeal was taken to the United States supreme court, before which the case was argued, but is to be heard again in order that a full court shall pass upon it. At the time of the circuit court decision it was pointed out that the judges were brought to their opinion almost wholly upon the strength of decisions and interpretations made by the supreme court. It may then be expected that the case will go against the trust, and possibly without dissenting opinion.

How far reaching may be the effect of the decision can scarcely be told. The whole trust scheme is not likely to fall. It is too powerful and has with it the resistless impetus of economic evolution. But reorganization will be made inevitable.

THE GENIUS OF WAR.

A Standard Oil attorney describes Rockefeller as a genius. "He had the genius for business," said this lawyer, "and there is a genius for business, just as there is a genius for war."

War knows no fundamental morals and recognizes but a few carefully restricted ethical commonplaces. It is cold and cruel and terrible—the most awful of human sins. He who has the genius for war must treat life as a thing as little to be thought of as the vagrant winds. It was said of Kitchener that he cut his heart out when he went to Egypt. In one of the Napoleonic wars the soldiers defending a city cast the non-combatant townspeople outside the walls to freeze, to starve and to fight for offal between beseiged and beseigers. In the retreat from Moscow comrades fought for precedent across bridges, stole each other's food and drove one another from the warmth of feeble camp-fires. So were hearts cut out when the Standard Oil company was promoted, men bought and sold and ruined and crushed men, seduced to betray and cheat. In the wars between the trust founders and the independents the non-combatants caught between the lines were held in less contempt than so many whining dogs. In time of stress friend was sacrificed and, if there is truth in the tale himself tells, so also was brother.

The Rockefeller genius has been the genius of war. That is the whole trouble. That is why the federal government is trying to break up the Rockefeller trust. It believes morality and business may be coexistent.

COMMITTEE CONTROL.

The steel trust has abandoned the idea of getting along without a president. It has decided against a system of committee control, which for a while was in favor after the resignation of President Corey.

Dr. Frederick W. Taylor, in lecturing before the Harvard school of business administration, once said:

> The world's experience in all directions has demonstrated the utter impracticability of doing successful executive work under the management of a body of men, either large or small. An executive committee of one is the best committee to have in charge of executive work.

In one of the Carnegie inquiries into the efficiency of the universities appears a similar expression:

> The writer believes that genuine committee management involves lack of initiative, division of responsibility and log-rolling. One group who stand for a certain idea will gather to their support individuals who are perhaps only indirectly interested in the matter under debate, but whose advocacy can be secured in return for support for some other idea in which they happen to be interested. There are many number of questions which are being constantly debated at the colleges that are kept alive only by this ability to line up the entire institution on either one side or the other of the question through committee management.

The value of the check and balance policy in government is still open to dispute. It fails utterly in business and private industry where absolute returns are demanded, where capability must be definite and discernable.

LEGAL ENGLISH.

A hen, says the United States court of appeals in Washington, is not a bird. Which decision deserves to go into the special dictionary, now rapidly being compiled by the legal profession, with:

The automobile is not a motor-car.

The upper floor of a building is not the top floor. There is an uppermost floor above it.

A canning factory is not a factory.

No state is a state which has not the article "the" somewhere in the full stretch of its title.

Honey is not necessarily the product of bee industry.

A directory is not a book.

And so on.

The law student, having acquired a fairly accurate knowledge of the meaning of words as used in human intercourse, as defined in standard works of reference and taught in all schools save law schools must have the midnight oil to learn what words do not mean when in the presence of certain dignified gentlemen supposed to be sane and intelligent.

HOPES FOR A REAL TARIFF

The tariff commission idea was one of those reform policies which had to be discussed a long time before it could be taken seriously. Then it had to undergo a struggle against organized opposition—the opposition of the beneficiaries of extreme protection. Lawmakers, always a little behind the procession of progress, had to be made to see that the tariff, once off their hands, meant a tremendous relief in the pressure of politics and the removal of an immense weight of responsibility.

Today the tariff commission has support where once it was ignored, laughed at or bitterly opposed. Only this week there came to us a copy of a speech delivered by the president of an industrial association, the membership of which has constituted the greatest adherence to high protection and the most violent form of standpatism. There are assurances in congress that the leaders of both parties will give aid to the plan to grant fuller powers to the tariff commission and to further the progress of the commission's recommendations through house and senate.

Real, scientific tariff reform will come. But like all widespread betterments it has had to go through a period of storm and discouragement.

HIGHEST GAINS IN POPULATION.

The census bureau publishes this list of 22 towns and cities which have more than doubled their population in the last 10 years:

	Population, 1910.	Rate of Increase
Oklahoma City, Okla.	64,205	539.7
Muskogee, Okla.	25,278	494.2
Birmingham, Ala.	132,685	245.4
Passadena, Cal.	30,291	222.2
Los Angeles, Cal.	319,198	211.5
Berkeley, Cal.	40,434	206.9
Flint, Mich.	38,550	194.2
Seattle, Wash.	237,194	194.0
Spokane, Wash.	104,402	183.3
Fort Worth, Tex.	73,312	174.7
Huntington, W. Va.	31,161	161.4
El Paso, Tex.	39,279	146.9
Tampa, Fla.	37,782	135.5
Schenectady, N. Y.	72,826	146.9
Portland, Ore.	207,214	129.2
Oakland, Cal.	150,174	124.3
San Diego, Cal.	39,578	122.6
Tacoma, Wash.	83,743	122.0
Dallas, Tex.	92,104	116.0
Wichita, Kans.	52,450	112.6
Waterloo, Iowa	26,693	112.2
Jacksonville, Fla.	57,699	103.0

Ten of these cities are in the west, eight in the south and four in the north. Oklahoma City and Muskogee owe their increases to the settling of a new country; Spokane, El Paso, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Wichita, Tampa and Jacksonville to expansions and developments following periods of more or less length of pause and an apparently fixed type of industry and commerce. In the cases of two, at least, of the cities, the increase came upon the heels of a civic campaign. The southern California cities have been proving more and more attractive for residence purposes. Those upon San Francisco bay which have gained so much, doubtless profited by San Francisco's ills. Seattle has been distinguished by high energy and enthusiasm and it had the good sense and forethought to seize the Alaskan trade when the opportunity was open to others besides Seattle. Birmingham has become a great steel manufacturing community in 10 years and in less than five Flint has become a center of automobile making. Waterloo is the one truly industrial town of Iowa.

The influences of city making are fortunately many. The community which is determined to obtain residents, to work for the purpose, has a very fair chance of getting them and has a choice of methods.

NATURE.

Someone conceived the idea of driving the snakes out of Jamaica by importing the mongoose, a panther-muscled little creature of India which has the Arizona road-runner's delight in fighting and killing reptiles. The mongoose did destroy the snakes. It went farther. It ate the eggs of the birds and preyed upon their young. The birds, being vastly reduced in numbers, no longer could keep the insects below the plane of a pest and a curse. So the insects have multiplied at a terrific rate, feeding upon growing crops, colonizing in trees, eating away at the frameworks of houses, going everywhere and halted by nothing save absolute barrenness. There is a tick in the island, which, like the Texas tick afflicting cattle, carries a parisitic germ. The birds used to kill the ticks, but now that the birds are gone the ticks have prospered tremendously. One of the animals they have attacked is the mongoose, which being new to this part of the world, lacks inherited immunity and is succumbing to the disease. So the circle runs. The mongoose may go. The birds may return in their old numbers. The insects may be conquered. Jamaica may, a century hence, be rid of snakes, but at a cost probably greater than if a hunter had been employed for a year for each serpent to hunt it down and kill it.

The balance of nature is being overthrown in this country also. To provide women with plumage, to give hunters a puny sport and to furnish thoughtless boys with targets for their new guns, the laws against shooting birds are not enforced. The insects multiply as the birds decrease. It is estimated that 20 per cent of the total agricultural expense of the country is devoted to fighting insect pests. Once there was no thought of such expenditure. The chestnut tree of America is doomed. An enemy, probably held in subjection by birds once plentiful, is taking to itself the juices which the roots of the trees absorb from the earth. This pest is moving westward. Ten years from now there may not be a living chestnut tree in Ohio.

Some day the United States must go deliberately and painstakingly at the business of restoring the balance of nature. She must do so or behold her forests leafless and dead and gaunt, her fields but food spread out for hordes of insects. The price of the plumage upon the hats in the store windows is but the merest fraction of the real cost.

IRON MILL CROOKS.

A particularly vicious form of grafting has been uncovered in Pittsburg. Superintendents, foremen and minor officers of the United States Steel Corporation have compelled the foreign laborers to pay them premiums for their employment and have exacted a regular, specified tax upon each pay slip. Yet when you come to think of it there is no reason why a custom which prevails in public officeholding should not have extended to private institutions. It is a matter of notoriety that a large percentage of appointments, if not all, in some sections, is upon a clear understanding that contributions shall be made to campaign funds, or—where this fiction is not used as disguise—to local bosses. The 1 to 3 per cent tax constitutes an object of envy to the unscrupulous outside of public life, and it is only natural that in a field so fertile for the business as Pittsburg the system should have been installed in the iron mills. The steel corporation is behind the prosecution of its crooked employes, so the graft will go and probably the grafter. It is too bad that a private concern can find little or no difficulty in smashing an evil, while the states and municipalities are virtually powerless to overcome the same sort of rascality.

WHY TAKE THE CHANCES?

The opposition to the fortification of the Panama canal has taken the preposterous turn of quoting fictitious passages from a treaty which does not exist. There is no agreement binding the United States against planting forts at the entrances to the canal, not even an unwritten understanding that this would never be done. Here is a sample declaration which is altogether a misstatement of the facts:

> That the United States is bound by treaty not to erect land fortifications along the Ranama canal cannot be disputed.

The New York Sun sums up our rights and duties in the case:

> We undertook to build an American canal; a waterway for our commerce and the world's commerce which should always, to use Mr. Roosevelt's phrase, "be open under the control of the United States, alike in peace and war." This seems to us vital. To that end the senate eliminated from the proposed Hay-Pauncefote treaty the seventh Suez rule prohibiting the erection of fortifications commanding the canal or the water adjoining. To that end the Spooner act, under which the work of construction is now proceeding, authorized the president to "maintain, operate and protect" a canal from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific ocean. To that end the same act made appropriation of money for "the completion and defense of said canal, harbors and defenses." To that end the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty with Panama provided that the United States should have the right "at all times and in its discretion, to use its police and its land and naval forces or to establish fortifications" to protect the canal, the auxiliary works, or the ships making use of the canal. It is not a question of economy and of spending a few millions more or less. It is a question of assuming a natural duty and asserting a clearly and legally established right.
>
> Those who protest against the United States protecting her own property might just as logically object to the employment of policemen who guard them against loss of goods, uneasiness as to safety and the distress of cracked kulls.

CANNING HISTORY.

In the vaults of one of the governmental bureaus in Paris are deposited phonographic records of the singing of all the notable French singers, parts from the famous plays as rendered by the greater actors, speeches of statesmen and even the rapid and confusing tumult of words in the house of deputies at times of political crises and conflict. A generation hence—when all these people have passed either out of life or from the light of public view—these records will have become of incalculable historical value. Think what it would mean to us now to catch the faintest echo of the bird-throated Jenny Lind! Edwin Booth's fame is becoming woven with doubtful tradition. A phonographic record might save all this. Volumes have been writen giving the impressions of those who heard Abraham Lincoln speak at Gettysburg. But none could be so true to reality, so stirring a message across a gulf of years, as the delivery today of that wonderfully succinct and touching address.

Out in the northwest there is an educated Indian, now a ranch-owner. He recently went to a meeting of the Bannock Indians, went with apparatus for "canning" the folk-songs and the war-chants. He has just sent the records to the ethnological survey in Washington—in one simple service doing more than has been done by white men taking notes, straining ears, working painfully and secretly, writing long and tiresomely. The Bannocks, perhaps before another half century, will have been absorbed. Certainly their folk songs will no longer be sung and their war chants will be forgotten.

There are vast possibilities in the modern, improved phonograph which have scarce been speculated upon. Uses for Mr. Edison's invention are being found which, in every likelihood, he never himself thought of.

HORSE AND AUTOMOBILE.

There are ten million more horses in the United States than there were ten years ago. Their average value has risen about 14 per cent a year or 142.2 per cent in ten years. In 1900 the total value of American horseflesh was somewhere about a billion dollars. Today it is near upon three and a half billions.

When the Carriage Builders' National association met in Cincinnati recently the speaker making the opening address said:

> In 1906-7 and coincident with enormous demand for automobiles, the demand for buggies reached the highest tide of its history. The demand in 1910 would have been even greater had it not been for the continued unseasonable weather of May and June. But even so, the demand during the present season was a capacity one. Taking all the foregoing facts together, the man who predicts the downfall of the automobile is a fool; the man who denies its great necessity and general adoption for many uses is a bigger fool; and the man who predicts the general annihilation of the horse and his vehicle is the greatest fool of all.

Horses are disappearing from the city streets. The gasoline and electric motor cars are taking the places of the carriage, once held a necessity when prosperity in even its mildest form visited a family. Trucks are demonstrating their economy both for employer and employe. Yet with these changing states so evident to the eye, the number of horses has increased and so has the value of the horses. The paradox, or the seeming paradox, has been theorized about a lot. But it is still not clear why horses increase in numbers and value at the same time that a horse displacing vehicle undergoes a tremendous development and daily gains in usefulness.

A PROMINENT STATESMAN.

Stephen B. Elkins was a prominent statesman, but one could scarcely describe him as a famous statesman. Virtually all his life had been spent in the public service, beginning as a territorial legislator in New Mexico and closing while in his third term as senator from West Virginia. His name was always among the foremost at Republican national conventions. His skill as a parliamentarian was no less than his skill as a politician. He was a member of Benjamin Harrison's cabinet, an industrial captain and the father of a daughter of international renown. Yet it is doubtful if Stephen Elkins will ever be quoted as an authority or in reverence in the halls he has quitted, nor will his career call for an extended notice in the national biographies. He stopped short of the margin of fame.

PEARY'S CONTRIBUTIONS.

It has been proposed that Commander Peary be retired with the rank and pay of rear-admiral, as recognition of his services as explorer and geographer. A bill with this aim in view is now in the house of representatives, but is hardly likely to obtain consideration unless the committee upon naval affairs recommends its passage. Mr. Macon of Arkansas, the same who has brayed his opinion of the relative claims of Cook and Peary, has declared his intention of attacking the measure upon the grounds that Peary didn't reach the North Pole, that if he did he wasn't there first, that if he did the achievement was perfectly useless and ought to be rewarded with nothing more substantial than a brass medal for tomfoolishness.

Quite aside from the absurdity of taking Mr. Macon seriously, his oratory being solely for advertising purposes, the idea that Peary's quest was entirely needless is entertained by many thousands of persons. Drawing a line between pure science, that is, science from no strictly utilitarian source, and applied science is a rather difficult thing. Astronomy might have been condemned as the pursuit of dreamers, had not its discoveries and calculations served as the foundation of navigation. Audobin studied the birds for love of the study, but his successors have shown that bird-life constitutes the farmer's most valuable protection. Think how the bug collectors have been jeered. Without the learning of these same collectors parts of our country had been devasted by insect enemies. An English chemist found he could make beautiful dyes from common coal-tar and was satisfied when the paper he read upon the subject before a learned society was commended, but the Germans developed the discovery and have built up an industry which amounts to a highly profitable national monopoly. The utility of Peary's discoveries do not appear at present, but we should beware against declaring them useless. No one knows how soon they may not be translated into terms of human service and happiness.

MORE NEWS OF THE WIZARD.

A statement in the Saturday Evening Post, brought in as a mere incident to the subject under discussion, says that Thomas A. Edison, "and his great organization in some of their experiments have come very close to discovering a process whereby gold may be extracted profitably from common clay."

For more than 30 years sensational news has been coming out of Mr. Edison's New Jersey laboratory. Not simply two or three great discoveries and applications of discoveries have been announced, facts which would have given any man a world-wide reputation, but scores and hundreds of such announcements have been made. How profoundly this man has modified our lives, how greatly he has inspirited industry and enterprise, are matters which can be dealt with only by the historians of a hundred years hence. It is quite in the nature of events at East Orange that it should become known in this indirect way that Mr. Edison has been experimenting with processes, the successful completion of which might overthrow the monetary system of the world. There are no such laboratories as this one in New Jersey anywhere else in the world, none quite like it in its broadness of research and catholicity of tastes. This is strange when it is remembered how greatly Mr. Edison has profited in wealth and fame. Whoever first called Mr. Edison a wizard made a happy choice of compliments

THE CAPITALIZED TIP.

The suit at law brought by a partner in the "tip-trust" recalls a similar action on the part of an aggrieved accomplice in brigandage as practiced in England about a century ago. The complaint read in part:

> Your orator and the said Joseph Williams proceeded jointly with good success in the said business on Hounslow Heath, where they dealt with a gentleman for a gold watch; and afterwards the said Joseph Williams told your orator that Finchley, in the county of Middlesex, was a good and convenient place to deal in and that commodities were very plenty at Finchley aforesaid, and it would be almost all clear gain to them; that they went accordingly and dealt with several gentlemen for divers watches, rings, swords, canes, hats, cloaks, horses, bridles, saddles and other things; that about a month later the said Joseph Williams informed your orator that there was a gentleman at Blackheath who had a good horse, saddle, bridle, watch, sword, cane and other things to dispose of, which he believed might be had for little or no money; that they accordingly went and met with the said gentlemen, and after some small discourse they dealt for the said horse, etc.
>
> The outlawry of the two classes appears to differ as to the size of returns—that of the tipping trust being estimated at $2,000 per week while the poor old-fashioned highwaymen rode far and long only perhaps to get at the end a watch which wouldn't run. We cannot discover the outcome of the action from which we quote, but it is fair to assume that the magistrate who heard it ordered the immediate hanging of both plaintiff and defendant, that being the easy custom of the day. How fortunate for the peace and comfort of the men who have capitalized and incorporated the tip that the ways of the law have altered in the last hundred years.

A HABIT BROKEN.

The Sunday mail habit is one of the strange affliction of American business life. Many a man who will steal several hours away from his office or his store in the course of the working part of the week feels the compulsion to come down town upon Sunday morning to look over his mail. And so imperative does business rule our beings that others of us who are mere toilers, employes, office-holders, lovers and indigent wanderers from home parade to the postoffice of Sundays and wait dismally in a line smelling of bath soap until we're told there's nothing for us.

It is not alone a matter of moment that postal clerks and carriers have been robbed of their rightful rest and recreation, but the public cursed with the Sunday mail habit has wasted time and energy which should be expended in asking forgiveness for sins or in doing something which will serve as a restful and healthful break in the grind of work. We know an old gentleman who began going to the postoffice on Sundays during the Civil war because he had an older brother in the army and the hours without news from the front proved a terrible strain upon his people. Through all the years since our friend has been making walks to the postoffice his Sunday exercise. About a year ago, when the protest took form, it came to him suddenly that he was a victim of routine. "My! My!" he exclaimed, "the war surely has lasted a mighty long time!"

Uncle Sam has benevolently come to our aid in our desire to break a stupid habit. May we never backslide.

THE WAR FOR A FAIR.

San Francisco and New Orleans are throwing paper wads at each other. All the weaknesses of the metropolis of California are pictured and painted and, it may be, set down in the metre of poetry. The history of New Orleans is reviewed, its habits laid bare, its climate excoriated and its good intentions made to appear the foolishness of lunacy.

The war was brought about by the fact that both were inspired by an ambition which, each thinks, can be attained by only one of them. They wish to use the opening of the Panama canal as an excuse for holding a world's fair. The government as usual is called upon to furnish the sinews. Without an appropriation the prospectuses for the fair would have to be thrown away. Uncle Sam must loosen. Between two such picturesque and interesting cities it is hard to choose. But congress can solve the difficulty by denying either of them an appropriation, or dividing it equally between them, so that there shall be two fairs, two opportunities to pay observance to the completion of the great waterway. Of course, neither community would be pleased. It is whole hog or nothing with them. Yet two small fairs might be as good as one big one and certainly the strain upon interest, upon the eyes, upon the capacity for enjoyment would be incalculably relieved. A fair which considered the comfort of patrons in these important matters would be a novel thing, but there seems no good reason why it should be an impossibility.

CONFLICTING ORDERS.

The block signal system is the best preventive of railroad accidents so far devised, or at least put into practical application, but as a wreck upon the New York Central railroad last week shows, the system is not perfect. It cannot overcome the human tendency to err nor can its signals be brought unmistakably to the sensibilities of enginemen.

A few years ago a similar wreck occurred in New Jersey, though several times more disastrous. Investigation brought out the fact that condensing steam hid the signals. There were two sets of orders for the engineer to follow. He must run his train and follow the directions of the block signals. But not being able to see these warnings he had to take chances with his train. Apparently no adjustment has so far been made between these duties. No railroad company is likely to give instructions for the sidetracking of trains when fog, snow, rain or condensing steam makes it impossible for the enginemen to note the signals set against them. The mails must go through. Passengers and freight must be speeded to destination. These are commands more binding than the obedience to instructions relating to block signals—whatever operating officers may say to the contrary. However imperative it is to run trains safely, it is doubtful if the public would tolerate any practice which would put safety above speed. The American people demand speed. They insist upon it and there are indications daily that they will take chances in order to gain it.

Corey, late of the steel trust, is going to live in an old chateau in France. If the chimneys draw as poorly as they are said to in places of the sort, the Pittsburger will not get more than ordinarily homesick.

If the case of Senator Lorimer can raise so much dust in the senate, devastating typhoons and earthquakes may be counted upon when Ballinger's vindication is handed in for approval.

In New Jersey it has been decided that it is not a crime to steal an umbrella on a rainy day. And on a fair day, of course, nobody would have the nerve to steal one.

A Philadelphia pastor announces that he doesn't want people in his church who cough. Must be afraid they will disturb the sleeping members of the congregation.

"Silence," says a physician, "is the only cure for nervousness among women." Here is another case where the cure may be regarded as worse than the disease.

From the agricultural department it is learned that the green beetle will eat from 25 to 30 caterpillars a day. After which it must have a pretty fuzzy feeling inside.

There are about 500,000 licensed automobiles in the United States, but to the man who does the dodging there seems to be more.

The announcement that Princess Xenia is to become the Duchess of Abruzzi will serve as the last chapter of the Abruzzi-Elkins romance.

"Bridegroom of 72 finds that his 70-year-old bride is too bashful to give him a kiss." He ought to be happy if she doesn't giggle.

A Cornell professor says there will be no babies in this country after 1915. If that is true then we're going to move.

Now it is said that Mrs. Nicholas Longworth whistles. A statement that may shock some women who can't whistle.

Ohio Democrats have had almost as much fun out of the senatorial contest as Republicans could have had.

In Missouri an effort is being made to find out which is the oldest hen in the state. One way is to cook 'em.

Considerable money is required to raise the Maine. It is a task that can't be accomplished with curiosity.

The Standard Oil Co. is puttng up its last fight. After which it will put up a new series of last fights.

Snowing.

Feathering the willows,
Drifting in the hedges,
Piling downy pillows
On the mountain ledges;

Bordering the streamlet
Where the sedges shiver,
Wafting on a dreamlet
To the drowsy river;

Weaving robes of ermine
For the perished roses,
Soft couch of merman,
When the deep reposes;

Speaking in a whisper
Mystical and oiden,
Silver-throated lisper
With a language golden;

Smoothing out the wrinkles,
In the cemetery,
Laughing where the tinkles
Of the bells are merry;

Dancing like a fairy,
Vanishing, returning,
Till the spirits airy
Set the woods a-yearning.
—L. T. Weeks, in the Century.

Goloshes.

Shoe Retailer.

Salesmen cannot pay too much attention to the fitting of rubbers, for half the life of the rubber is in the proper fit. I believe in fitting rubbers as large as possible.

Do not stretch a 4½ rubber over a 5 shoe, It puts too much strain on the rubber and it will break before half worn out. Watch and see that the sole does not project over the edge of the rubber.

Do not sell Cuban heel rubbers for low heel shoes and vice versa. We can supply a rubber for almost any heel made today. If you do not have rubbers to fit it is your own fault.

Do not sell a motorman, teachers or any man or boy who gives a rubber hard use a light rubber. You would not sell a light dress shoe for everyday wear; do not do so with your rubbers. Watch sales more carefully and you will have no trouble with your rubber trade.

Watch the heels of the customers' shoes, especially the Cubans. When they get half worn off no rubber will fit or wear over them. Suggest that they get them built up before wearing the rubbers. This causes a large majority of the complaints of rubbers breaking down at the heels, both on men's and ladies' rubbers.

Tell your customers not to use their rubbers like a stick of wood after they have worn them a few times, for freezing up on the stoop and thawing out under the hot stove does not help them any.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

WHEN STRONG MEN ARE BAD

International Sunday School Lesson for January 22 Is, "Omri and Ahab Lead Israel Into Greater Sin." 1 Kings 16:15-33.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The split kingdom of Solomon is being studied in its history side by side by the Sunday schools of the world. Last week we observed Asa, the good king of Judah; this week we turn to the northern kingdom of Israel. Both nations had their ups and downs, but Israel was more down than up, until finally it was wiped off the record and the map, by the wrath of Jehovah.

Big, bad men seemed to get the helm of the ten tribes that revolted from Solomon's son. There was Jeroboam, the shrewd politician, who has come down through the ages tagged with the appellation, "Jeroboam, who made Israel to sin." What an end for great talents and vaulting ambition.

Oriental Palace Politics.

A few contentious little kings followed Jeroboam, making slight impressions upon the record. There was his son, Nadab, against whom Baasha, in the cruel fashion of oriental monarchs, destroyed Jeroboam's family, root and branch, thus quickly ending the royal line which that monarch had fondly hoped to establish. Baasha "left not to Jeroboam any that breathed."

There is a Nemesis that follows murder. Baasha's son Elah succeeded to his father's throne, but while he was ignobly drunk he was slain by Zimri, who treated the family of Baasha even as the latter had treated the house of Jeroboam.

Short was the triumph of this usurper. He was only seven days king, when the army elected its captain, Omri, king of Israel. Poor, plotting, faint-hearted Zimri burned his palace over his own head, thus dying as cowards die. The ugly record does not end here, for one Tibni disputed the election of Omri to the throne. There was a division of the people, but the pretender and his followers were defeated by the warrior Omri.

A Strong Man to the Fore.

The foregoing record of swift-passing kings of Israel is tedious. Nobody remembers their names. They were wicked weaklings. But with the accession of Omri a personality appears on the scene. His is the first name to be recalled after that of Jerobeam. Both were bad but strong.

Travel through Palestine today and you will be shown a mud village on a hill which is all that remains of Samaria, a city with a great history. The archaeologists are now digging into its debris and finding many remains of value. This is the city that was made such by Omri. He found it a field and left it a capital of kings. His name is forever associated with this northern capital, for he was a builder.

What shall we say about the strong men who are bad? The Omri type is found everywhere. He was worse than any of his predecessors and did evil in proportion to his strength. He may stand as the extreme type of the wicked man in politics. Parties and cities and states are debauched today, even as he still further debauched Israel. The corruption in politics of the United States may be traced almost directly to the malign influence of a few strong men, whom one is tempted to name.

Why should the evil so often be strong and the good so often be weak? How are we to explain the frequent spinelessness of the pious, and that the good are so often only "little fellows?" The fault is not with Christianity, but with the interpretation of it. The passive aspects of the teachings of the strong Son of God are overstressed. Men pass over the scourge of cords, and the "woe unto you." The manliness of Jesus is almost a new idea to many. Unconsciously, the church is trying to be sugar when God meant her to be salt. The pitiful pettiness of many so-called religious "leaders;" the frightened "conservatism" of ecclesiastical officialdom, and the strange fear of incurring anybody's ill-will which seems to possess so many Christians, all tend to promote the lack of strength in those whose gospel bids them, over and over again, "Be strong!"

A Worse Son of a Bad Father.

If things do not get better they surely grow worse. Either the children must be an improvement upon their parents, as in the case of Asa, or else they will drag the family name still lower down. One generation may be merely lax in the affairs of religion; the next is likely to be loose in the matters of morals. A father swears when he is provoked; his son becomes profane by habit. Parents make light of the church and preacher; sons become open scoffers at religion.

Omri was strongly evil. He set a new mark for wickedness in Israel. He outJeroboamed Jeroboam. Now in his stead comes his son Ahab, for a long reign of 22 years, and he goes his father several degrees worse. He never hesitates at acts which would have given Omri pause. His name comes down through dramatic pages as the bitter antagonist of Jehovah and his prophet.

When a Man Marries.

The first and most significant fact recorded by King Ahab is his marriage to the daughter of the heathen king of Sidon, the infamous Jezebel, who has given her name as a term of opprobrium to literature. Next to being born, and deciding his relationship to his Creator, the most important act in a man's life is his marriage. Whenever this is entered upon lightly there are sure to be sad consequences. It is a rare, rare man who can rise above his wife. If she be a noble woman, the chances for him and his family are good. If not, he is likely to be dragged down to her level, and below it. A bad marriage is a mistake that can never be remedied.

The outstanding fact mentioned about Jezebel is her worship of Baal. A woman's religion is of first importance. For it is the highest function of womanhood in life to be custodian of the spiritual ideals of the race. The world does not get its religion from the preachers or the theological seminaries, but from its mothers. If women are thoughtless, worldly, fashion-following, then may God save the state! A Jezebel who worships Baal is worse for Israel than a wicked king.

Varieties

Carriage builders are in great demand in Australia.

Illinois is the largest corn growing state in the Union.

Kentucky produces more tobacco than any other state in the Union.

Amoy, China, has only one American firm, the Standard Oil company.

The most promising farm products in Korea are rice, cotton and sugar beets.

Oil of lavender, sprinkled about their shelves, will prevent books mildewing.

France's annual consumption of wine is about one hundred bottles per capita.

To Argentine the United State is now selling more than to Japan and China combined.

It is estimated that on an average each penny in circulation changes hands eleven times a week.

Brazil will soon have twenty-six wireless stations along its coast, all put up by an American company.

Fence posts in Argentine are made of quebraco wood, which is exceedingly hard; thy last forty yars.

Nearly two-thirds of the crime in London is perpetrated between 2 p. m. on Saturdays and 9 a. m. on Mondays.

In Korea private schools are being rapidly replaced by public schools under the gradual spread of the new educational system there.

There are several places in London where preachers can buy sermons printed. They cover all subjects, and can be had for every season.

During the moose-hunting season in Nova Scotia, which ended November 15, last the animals killed numbered 464, against 405 in 1909.

The Chilean maritime province of Entre Rios has equipped two floating schools to enable the residents of its lands to obtain an education.

Great Britain has municipal tramways worth $229,381,000 and during the last year over $9,500,000 was paid into holders of such stock.

Copper which escapes from a big Arizona mine in waste water is recaptured by placing scrap metal in the water until it is thoroughly coated.

Next to wool and wheat and the output of its mines, Australia's greatest source of prosperity is butter, the production of which is increasing steadily.

Canada has a parcels post arrangement with most countries of the civilized world and finds it a considerable factor in the promotion of foreign trade.

A red sunset fortells dry weather because it indicates that that air toward the west, from which rains may generally be expected, contains little moisture.

A French chemist claims to have made a practical alloy containing more than 90 per cent magnesium, a fat that has baffled scientists for generations.

The craving for tobacco is decreased after a smoker has climbed to a great hight. Smoking under such circumstances is found to be somewhat laborious.

An American sewing machine company has opened eight schools in southern China, at which natives are taught to embroider with silk by machinery.

Though nearly 2,000 years old, a recently discovered Roman mirror, made by attaching lead foil to glass with balsam, was as effective as when new.

In Connecticut a man 42 years old has been sent to jail on a technical charge of vagrancy because he is suspected of wishing to marry a woman for her money.

In seven months the cut of logs in the Vancouver sawmill district scaled 346,874,000 feet. About 70,000 miles of logs, and in seven months, and in one district!

All the rights as to the importation of foreign goods into Japan, also as to patents, trade marks and copyrights, are extended to Korea by the Japanese government.

Over 77 per cent of the total production of alcohol in Germany is obtained from potatoes. There are about 6,000 small and 40 industrial distilleries in the empire.

An American in Tampico has discovered a method for extracting fiber from banana plants. This fiber absorbs more machine oil than cotton waste and is much cheaper.

Importers in Prague, Austria, show increasing interest in American goods, but it is useless writing to them in English. American shoes are much in favor and are being imitated.

The growth of Frankfort, Germany, whose population is now estimated officially at 400,000, has been as rapid for the last twenty years as that of a western American city.

Exports from the United States to Japan were 50 per cent less in 1909 than in 1905, and exports to China 65 per cent less. Those to Argentina were, on the other hand, 43 per cent greater.

According to Vice Consul General Lyon Chandler, at Buenos Ayres, that place, the fourth American city, offers more real trade opportunities than Shanghai, Canton and Yokohama combined.

China has established a preparatory school for students intended to be sent to the United States for college education under the agreement by which the United States refunded part of the Boxer indemnity.

That the high cost of being ill is a notable fact of the period is easily figured out by the hospitals. In New York hospitals, the daily cost of a patient's maintenance, in 1900, was $1.17, and now it is at least $1.80.

A colonization scheme has been submitted to

Take One Pill, then—Take it Easy.

Take What Pill? Why, a Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pill,

of course. Good for all kinds of pain. Used to relieve Neuralgia, Headache, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Kidney Pains, Lumbago, Locomotor Ataxia, Backache, Stomachache, Periodical Pains of women, and for pain in any part of the body.

"I have used Dr. Miles' medicines for over 12 years and find them excellent. I keep Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills in the house all the time and would not think of taking a journey without them, no matter how short a distance I am going. I cannot praise them enough."

MISS LOU M. CHURCHILL,
63 High St., Penacook, N. H.

At all druggists. 25 doses 25c.
MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—in other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German-American Institute, 1051 Grand Ave, Kansas City, Mo.

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MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

GREAT NOVELS FREE 1. Lady Gwendoline's Dream. 2. On Her Wedding Day, by Charlotte M. Braeme. 3. The Refugee. 4. The Phantom Wedding, by Mrs. Euan D. R. S. Southworth. 5. Alice's Creek. 6. An Earnest Wife, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. These are six cracking good love stories by three favorite authors. They are six separate books. A whole season's reading. You get all six by sending 25c for a year's subscription to Everyday Life, the illustrated monthly and 6c extra to help pay postage, etc., or 30c. EVERYDAY LIFE, DEPT 99 CHICAGO.

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SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Hirbank Supply House, 43-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

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LADIES when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills. Safe, reliable, dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

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New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, our method is an absolute cure. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, our method will certainly cure you right in your own home.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, sprays, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method will end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

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FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 468 Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to:
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FINEST CRAFT LAUNCHED

The Warship Arkansas Is Greatest in American Navy Up to Date.

Camden, N. J., Jan. 14.—Surpassed by none and equaled only by her sister ship now under construction a few miles down the river on the Pennsylvania side, America's latest and greatest warship, the battleship Arkansas, was launched today into the waters of the Delaware river, on whose shores so many of Uncle Sam's formidable defenders have been built. Built by the New York Shipbuilding Co. at South Camden, the Arkansas, a sister ship to the Wyoming, under construction at Cramps' shipyard on the Philadelphia side of the Delaware, is about 50 per cent completed and will be turned over to the government probably before the end of the year.

The launch of the Arkansas was entirely successful and was witnessed by many invited guests, including prominent officials of the navy department at Washington, naval officers from Annapolis, Norfolk, New York and other points, and the United States senators and representatives from Arkansas. The sponsor was Miss Macon, daughter of Representative Macon, of Arkansas.

The giant battleship slid down the tallow-greased ways with the lightness of a frail lifeboat. As the great hulk plunged into the water wild huzzas went up from thousands of throats, while bands played, guns boomed, and the sirens of the shipping assembled in the river joined in the chorus with deafening shrieks of their whistles.

The Arkansas is declared to have no equal afloat as a first-class fighting machine. The heaviest man-of-war given to the water so far is the British battleship Lion, which has a displacement of 350 tons more than the battleship launched today. The Arkansas, however, will carry much heavier armor than the Lion and in several other respects she is reckoned as superior to the British warship.

The Arkansas has a length of 554 feet, nearly half a hundred feet longer than the Delaware, the first American dreadnought. The beam is 93 feet 3 inches, the displacement 26,000 tons and the contract speed 20.50 knots.

She will be the first battleship of the United States navy to carry twelve 12-inch guns. These guns, comprising her main armament, will be mounted in five turrets on the central line of the ship. Two of the turrets will be forward, one amidships and two aft. Each turret will be protected by armor eight and twelve inches thick and will be supplied with ammunition by electrical hoists from the magazines and shell rooms immediately below. The entire handling of the great guns will be by electric motors. Twenty-one 5-inch guns protected by armor will be provided for defence against torpedo boat attacks. Close subdivision and strong bulkheads will form additional protection against mine and torpedo explosions.

PROVES BANK ROBBERY

Cashier Not Able to Identify Suspect on Trial.

Wauseon, Jan. 12.—Forty-two witnesses have been called to testify in the trial of Ed Kelley, charged with blowing the Home Savings bank's safe at Metamora November 7 last.

While none of the 25 witnesses for the state claims he saw Kelley in or in front of the bank on the morning of the robbery, Prosecutor J. B. Templeton and assistants expect to convict by circumstantial evidence.

Cashier H. H. Treadway yesterday testified that he heard four distinct explosions while the bank was being robbed and that the sum of $2,700, which he knew was in the safe the night before, disappeared. He saw one of the robbers and heard him give commands to the telephone operator to quit using the phone, but was not able to identify Kelley as the man seen in Metamora that night.

JUDGE FINDS BOMB IN HOUSE

Chicago Official Can't Think Who Would Want to Harm Him.

Chicago, Jan. 11.—A dynamite bomb was found early today in the vestibule of the home of County Judge John E. Owens, recently elected on the Democratic ticket. It was about seven inches long and an inch in diameter, lead covered, and its fuse appeared to have been fired, but to have burned out.

Miss Ida Owens, a sister of the jurist, found the bomb when she opened the vestibule door to secure the morning papers. She carried it into the house, where the judge himself unwrapped it from the wet newspaper with which it was encased.

"I thought first it was some sort of a joke," said the judge today. "Then when I saw that the fuse evidently had been lighted, I thought I had better turn it over to the police, which I did."

NEW CONSTITUTION FOR OHIO

Bill Fixes Convention Date for January 9, 1912.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Columbus, Jan. 11.—The convention to draft a new constitution for the state of Ohio will assemble here January 9, 1912, if the bill introduced today by Senator William Green, of Coshocton, becomes a law.

The bill provides for the placing of the candidates' names alphabetically on a separate ballot without party designation of any kind. The constitution limits the number of members to the number in the present house of representatives, each county or district to get the same representation in the convention that it has in the lower house.

If the bill passes, primaries will be necessary in 83 counties.

GRAFTERS RETURN A MILLION

Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 11.—Restitution to the amount of $1,300,000 was made yesterday by men who were indicted in connection with the state capitol frauds and others implicated in the scandal when the Dauphin county court approved an agreement of settlemeint reached by the attorneys representing the state the defendants.

The commonwealth alleged that it had been defrauded out of approximately $5,000,000.

Delicately Formed

and gently reared, women will find in all the seasons of their lives, as maidens, wives and mothers, that the one simple, wholesome laxative remedy, which acts gently and pleasantly and naturally and which may be taken at any time, when the system needs a laxative, with perfect safety and really beneficial effects, is Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

It has that true delicacy of flavor which is so refreshing to the taste, that warming and grateful toning to the stomach which responds so favorably to its action and the laxative effect which is so beneficial to the system when, occasionally, its gentle cleansing is required.

The genuine, always bearing the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., may be purchased from all leading druggists in original packages of one size only, price fifty cents per bottle.

ACCUSE U. S. SENATOR

Wisconsin Men File Report on Stephenson.

Madison, Wis., Jan. 11.—United States Senator Isaac Stephenson was today charged with a number of violations of the laws of Wisconsin. The charge is made in a lengthy statement filed with Governor F. E. McGovern today by the 1909 state senate committee which investigated the primary election of Senator Stephenson.

The committee recommends that a copy of the report be submitted to the United States senate and that body investigate Mr. Stephenson's election.

Senator Stephenson is charged with violating the statute which requires an account under oath of campaign expenditures to be filed, and it is also alleged that such violation was premeditated.

It is further charged that he violated the law which prohibits anyone from contributing money to assist a candidate for the legislature residing outside of the district in which the contributor resides.

It is charged that he gave a sum of money to a supporter of McGovern for United States senator, such supporter afterwards switching to Stephenson, and that he paid large sums of money to others which was afterwards used by them to induce other persons to assist in procuring his election.

Make Your Body Right.

If you want to stop the use of medicines, you must first make your body healthy, for healthy bodies need no medicines. Bodi-Tonic will help you to do it. It puts health on a solid foundation in the body by toning all of the body. Read the liberal trial offer on page 7.

HEN NOT A BIRD, SAYS COURT

Customs Tribune Decides Also Canned Eggs Are Dutiable.

Washington, Jan. 13.—Eggs are eggs. Also a hen is not a bird.

So says the United States court of customs appeals, in a decision which seems to settle a question which has muddled customs, perplexed the experts and finally caled in the zoologist.

Eggs coming from hina, usually are broken out of the shells, packed in tin cans and frozen. Customs officials contended they entered this country in competition with home laid eggs and assessed a duty of five cents a dozen.

The importer objected, claiming they should be free of duty under that section of the tariff which puts the eggs of birds on the free list, and contended that at most they were only albumen and dutiable as such.

The full bench of five justices agreed that the importers' claim that a hen is a bird lacked merit and that an egg is an egg in the shell or out of it.

Recently the court held that a yam was not a sweet potato.

THE BLADE ART CALENDAR FOR 1911

We have secured a limited number of these handsome calendars and will give readers of The Blade an opportunity to obtain one.

The calendar consists of two parts, each 10x15 inches. The first subject is entitled "The Little Musicians," the second, "Spilt Milk."

The calendar for the year 1911 is on the back, thus allowing the two pictures to be framed if so desired.

This handsome calendar will be given to any reader of the Weekly Blade on receipt of 6 cents in stamps to pay postage and cost of mailing.

As our supply is limited it will be necessary to send your order at once.

THE WEEKLY BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

REPORT FAVORABLE TO PEARY

House Sub-Committee Recommends Retirement as Rear Admiral.

Washington, Jan. 13.—Captain Robert E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, was yesterday formally approved in his claim for congressional recognition at the hands of a subcommittee of the house committee on naval affairs.

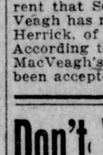
The subcommittee, at an executive meeting, from which the two principal opponents of Captain Peary, Messrs. Roberts and Macon, were absent, adopted a favorable report to the full committee on the Bates bill, which extends the thanks of congress to Peary and retires him with the rank of a rear admiral in the engineer corps of the navy.

Captain Peary now is 53 years old, and the action, if approved by the house full committee and agreed to by the senate, will place him immediately on the retired list with about the same pay—$6,000—as he is receiving as a captain on the active list.

HERRICK SUCCEED MAC VEAGH

New York, Jan. 11.—Report is current that Secretary of Treasury MacVeagh has resigned and that Myron T. Herrick, of Ohio, is to succeed him. According to advices received here MacVeagh's resignation has already been accepted.

Don't Wear a Truss FREE



STUART'S PLAS TR PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending a Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—
PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 38, St. Louis, Mo.

Name .....
Address .....
Return mail will bring Free trial Plapao.

WOMAN SHOOTS YOUTH

Then Fires Bullet Into Own Body in Hotel Room at Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 13.—As he lay sleeping Cary V. Storey, of Columbus, Md., was shot by Mrs. Alice Poehler in a room at the Braden hotel yesterday afternoon. Storey, a youth of 20, is seriously wounded. Mrs. Poehler, who is 25, then shot herself in the abdomen and may die. The woman is a divorcee and has been living in Guthrie, Ind.

The police believe the shooting was carefully planned by the woman. It is not believed, as was rumored, that Storey entered into a suicide pact, but that the woman became enraged because he had deceived her, planned to murder him and then take her life.

At the city hospital this morning it was said that Storey had an excellent chance for recovery. The bullet entered the left breast, but missed the heart. The woman's wound in the abdomen is more serious but the physicians say that she also has a chance for recovery.

Story was a student at Illinois university until the holidays when he took a position with the Barry Manufacturing Company, of this city. If he recovers he will receive a large legacy on reaching his majority.

Spent Two Days in Room.

The couple registered at the hotel Wednesday morning and had spent most of the two days in the room. Two shots were fired at intervals of 15 seconds, folowed by loud cries from the man, and the woman screaming, "My God, my Carl."

The clerk rushed to the room as the man staggered into the hall, falling unconscious. The woman followed and dropped at his side taking the man in her arms. Police arrived before she lost consciousness and she admitted shooting, taking all blame and whispering the name and address of her father.

Two letters, one to family and one "to whom it may concern," were found under the pillow, in which the woman claims she was deceived by Storey, giving the disposition of her valuables and burial desires. The police found over two hundred mutilated letters in a wash stand drawer in the room, and say that the couple have registered many times at local hotels as C. V. Storey and wife, Lexington, Ky.

Storey Asleep When Shot.

From all appearances the police say Storey was asleep when the shots were fired. The woman, who is a beautiful brunette, was of a melancholy disposition. A boarding housekeeper with whom she lived said that Storey had promised to marry her.

The saloonkeeper with whom she left her trunk before the holidays stated that she and Storey had lived together in Detroit last summer, and that she returned from there telling him she was going to locate here, but had not called for the trunk. When the police opened it they found on top a big Illinois pennant. The trunk was filled with valuable clothing. The woman had an abundance of funds and several diamonds.

HEIRESS FLIES TO WED

Marries Ex-Policeman in Father's Employ.

New York, Jan. 16.—Miss Grulia P. Morosini, heiress of most of the $7,000,000 left by the late Giovanni P. Morosini and famous throughout the world as the young woman who for years has spent $100,000 a year on her clothes, eloped yesterday and was married to Arthur Maurice Werner.

The bridegroom is an ex-policeman, formerly an "honor man" of the force, and one of the four original members of the traffic squad. For several years he has been manager of the Morosini estate, his elevation to this post having resulted from his heroic rescue of Miss Morosini about five years ago, when her team ran away with her on the speedway.

Father Showed His Gratitude.

Werner's manliness impressed the young woman's father, and he persuaded the young policeman that the future would be more rosy for him as a trusted agent of the Morosini family than as a uniformed hireling of Father Knickerbocker. Whether it was in the father's mind that Dan Cupid would assist in the management of the estate after his death does not appear, but it is certain that the young woman was interested in her rescuer from the start and that the elopement was the fruition of a romance with all the orthodox thrills.

There was a double ceremony. A civil marriage was performed first by W. R. Sutphen, of Somerville, and the religious service was read afterward by the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Brooks, of Bayonne, N. J. The only witnesses were Mrs. Joseph Benedicks, a sister of Mr. Werner, and Giovanni P. Morosini, brother of the bride.

AMATEUR SLEUTH LOSES EAR

Helps Friend Find Wife, Is Shot by Husband's Rival.

Philadelphia, Jan. 12.—For aiding his friend, L. O. Jordan, in his search for his wife, who has been missing for some time Harry Burns, of New York, narrowiy escaped being shot and killed last evening when a man who is infatuated with the woman shot directly at him with the apparent intention of murdering him. As it was the bullet passed through Burns' left ear, tearing away the lobe. His assailant evidently believing he had killed Burns, who fell whn the shot was fired, dashed out of the house and for the time being is at large.

WOMEN SWEAR THEY'RE MEN

In Seattle They Take Regulation Registration Oaths.

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 14.—More than 4,000 women whose names are now upon the registration books have taken their solemn oaths that they are male persons over the age of 20 years, 11 months and 10 days. The printed oath which they signed in duplicate reads: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I am a male person over the age of 20 years, 11 months and 10 days," etc.

Fig. 1

Fig. 1—THE BLACK, in the above cut, shows the wide extent of catarrh—ALL THROUGH THE HEAD, DOWN INTO THE THROAT (K) INTO THE LUNGS (M & L); into the ears (C); into the frontal sinus (B); into the sphenoidal sinus (D); etc.
TO CURE CATARRH IN THE ABOVE PARTS IT MUST BE REACHED BY THE REMEDY.

Fig. 2

Fig. 2—Illustrates the inevitable failure of SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc. SEE how much BLACK remains to show the parts unreached—how little of the WHITE to show the parts that are reached.

Fig. 3

Fig. 3—Shows how little can be done by ATOMIZERS, SPRAYS, DOUCHES, and all WASHES and LIQUIDS.
By no possibility can these methods of treatment reach the real seat of the disease.
WHY THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY, and sacrifice your health, perhaps your life, by trifling with your disease in this way? THERE IS A BETTER WAY. (See Fig. 4).

If You HAVE CATARRH

You are in Danger of CONSUMPTION

DEAFNESS

READ the story told in these pictures. A story in BLACK and WHITE. The BLACK area shows the EXTENT of the Disease. The WHITE shows the area reached by Different Remedies.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is characterized by a discharge through the nostrils or into the throat. It usually begins with a cold in the head. Beginning in the nostrils it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the body, even getting into the stomach and lungs. The nasty discharge being swallowed, it upsets the stomach, and from the stomach it is taken into the blood, and poisons and deranges the whole body.

The disease is all the time inclined to work its way from the nose back into the head—down into the throat—into the bronchial tubes and lungs. Herein is its greatest danger.

Dr. Blosser's Discovery

While engaged in the general practice of medicine Dr. Blosser had many patients suffering from Catarrh whom he was unable to cure, although he prescribed for them by the rules taught in medical books and colleges. He saw that the methods of treatment were wrong and reasoned that as Catarrh is produced by breathing cold and damp air, so it should be cured by breathing a warm, medicated vapor.

After nine years of investigation he discovered a combination of healing herbs, leaves and flowers, which, when ignited, and the warm fumes inhaled would speedily relieve all catarrhal diseases. As shown in the **accompanying illustrations** the warm, healing vapor is carried directly to the very parts affected. This remedy **fights** and **kilis** Catarrh where liquids, sprays, douches, salves and medicated creams cannot possibly go. It is a most reliable treatment, and is so simple and convenient that **it can be used at home** by man, woman or child.

Free Sample by Mail

Write a postal card, or cut out and fill in the coupon below, and we will send you by mail **a liberal trial treatment entirely free.** If you suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness or any other catarrhal trouble, **you cannot afford to neglect the use of this grand remedy.** Catarrh, if neglected, will extend to the lungs, finally leading to consumption. This remedy has cured Catarrh of every form in the nose, head, throat, middle ear and lungs. No matter who, or what remedy has failed in your case, this should cure you.

When you try the free sample and see how the warm, pleasant medicated vapor **goes to every spot and gives immediate relief,** you will be convinced. The full treatment is not expensive. The regular package, containing enough to last one whole month, sent by mail, postpaid for $1. It is not on sale at the drug stores, as we wish our patients to get the medicine fresh from our laboratory.

Remember a postal card, or the coupon, with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, will bring you this FREE TRIAL TREATMENT. It will also bring you free an illustrated book.

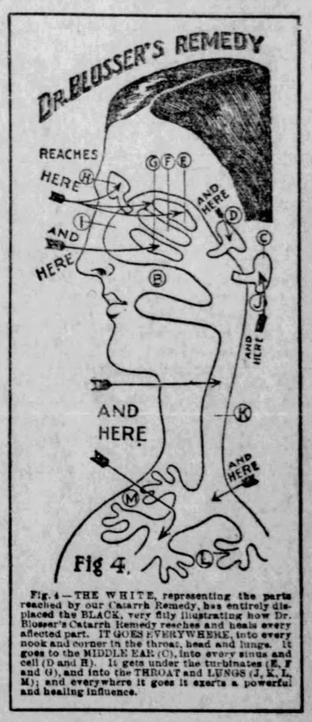


Fig. 4

Fig. 4—THE WHITE, representing the parts reached by our Catarrh Remedy, has entirely displaced the BLACK, very fitly illustrating how Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy reaches and heals every affected part. IT GOES EVERYWHERE, into every nook and corner in the throat, head and lungs. It goes to the MIDDLE EAR (C), into every sinus and cell (D and B). It gets under the turbinates (E, F and G), and into the THROAT and LUNGS (J, K, L, M); and everywhere it goes it exerts a powerful and healing influence.

CUT THIS OUT, FILL IN AND MAIL AT ONCE.

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please send me by mail (free of cost) your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free Illustrated Treatise on Catarrh.

Name .....
Town .....
Street or R.F.D. ..... State .....
Spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly.

Tobacco Habit Banished

DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes for all ordinary cases. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanatarium, Dept. 18, St. Joseph, Mo.

FAT FOLKS

Give me your name and address and I will tell you how to reduce your bust, waist and hips without starving.

Results Guaranteed.

Mrs G. M. Greising, 511 Main St., Toledo, O.

ARE YOU SICK?

And discouraged; not interested in anything? Do you want to feel fresh and wide awake in the morning, ambitious to work? Write for 30 days' treatment and

GET WELL.

When the stomach, liver and kidneys are allowed to be diseased for a time, a condition of misery follows. Bladder and urinary trouble and **weakness due to excess** are serious. Don't neglect them. **Old Dr. Wright remedies** help old and young. Thirty days' treatment, one dollar. Write today.

THE OLD Dr. WRIGHT REMEDY CO.
THE NASBY. TOLEDO, OHIO.

WHY SUFFER

DR. ROWE.

The Dangers of Stricture? I found the cure sixteen years ago. Safe, Sure, Painless. Stops losses, restores vigor. Stricture dethrones health and vitality. My book explains the symptoms and cure. Sent free. My specialty is Stricture, Varicocele and Urinary Diseases. Address

G. ALLAN ROWE, M. D.
60 NIAGARA ST., S., BUFFALO, N. Y.

I Will Help You Cure Yourself of Kidney, Bladder or Rheumatic Trouble, FREE

I will send you free treatment and give you simple instructions how to cure yourself in your home, without cost. Write me today.

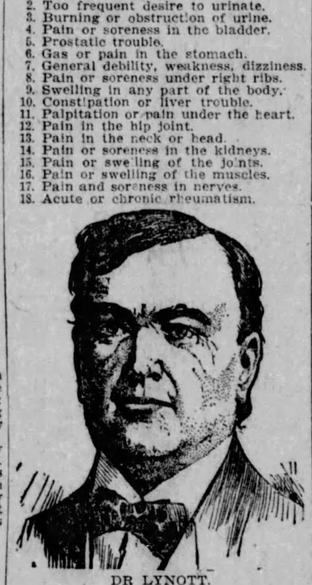
So that all who suffer from kidney trouble, bladder trouble or rheumatism may know without expense that at last a genuine and reliable cure for these diseases has been found, I will send to any victim of these ailments a free treatment and such simple instructions that anyone can cure himself at home, free. I say free and I mean free. I will make no charge: you have only to write me a letter giving me your symptoms and telling me how you feel and I will do as I promise.

To give free treatment is the best way to prove my claims. I bear the expense. You have simply to take my treatment as directed and you will know I can cure you. You will owe me nothing now or later when cured. It is my free gift to the thousands of uric acid sufferers and I want all to take advantage of it. I have devoted my life to the cure of these diseases. I am in a position to help you, and my help will cost you nothing

MRS. N. C. BROWN.

Write me a letter today, describing your condition in your own words, and I will send you a free treatment for it. Some of the leading symptoms of kidney, bladder or rheumatic diseases are:

1. Pain in the back.
2. Too frequent desire to urinate.
3. Burning or obstruction of urine.
4. Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5. Prostatic trouble.
6. Gas or pain in the stomach.
7. General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8. Pain or soreness under right ribs.
9. Swelling in any part of the body.
10. Constipation or liver trouble.
11. Palpitation or pain under the heart.
12. Pain in the hip joint.
13. Pain in the neck or head.
14. Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15. Pain or swelling of the joints.
16. Pain or swelling of the muscles.
17. Pain and soreness in nerves.
18. Acute or chronic rheumatism.



DR LYNOTT.

MR. GEO. S. SPAULDING.

You can describe your condition in your own way or you can give the numbers of the symptoms in the coupon and send the coupon to me and the free treatment and instructions will be sent you just the same. My address is Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 3391 Occidental Building, Chicago, Ill.

I am asking you for no money. All I ask is the privilege of proving to the afflicted that I can and will cure kidney, bladder and rheumatic trouble in a simple, scientific, painless way; that I can stop the painful backache, the swelling flesh, the inflamed bladder, the torturing rheumatism. I am successful with old and young, those who have just become sick and those who have suffered for years.

Since I ask for no money, write me today and you will be surprised to see how easy it is to cure you when the right remedies, whose purity I have vouched for to the U. S. Government, are sent you, and when a doctor gives you the right advice. I will give you the right remedies and right advice, so correspond with me today.

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 3391 Occidental Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

I notice symptoms number .....
(Here put down the numbers.)

I will be obliged to you for a free proof treatment and any instructions and advice you think necessary for the cure of my case. My age is.....
Kindly address me

.....

.....

Please write your address plainly; or write your address on a separate piece of paper and pin the coupon on.

Rupture Cured Without Operation

No Hospital or Doctors' Bills; No Loss of Time from Work, and Not a Single Penny to Pay If You Don't Get Better.

No longer any need to drag through life in the clutches of rupture.

No operation, no big expense to stand in your way. And not a single cent's worth of risk.

Think of that!—you who have spent dollar after dollar without finding a thing that has done any good. You who have been afraid that some day you'd have to risk the dangers of operation—you who dread the surgeon's knife because you know it results in permanent weakness or death about as often as in recovery.

* * * * * *

In the last 24 years more ruptured people have been cured **without** operation than by all the operations ever performed.

Cured without being in bed a single day—without losing a single hour from work.

Cured by the wonder-working Cluthe Truss (Cluthe Mechanical Massager)—something so remarkably beneficial that in 99 cases out of every 100 relief is immediate, and in most cases cure begins at once. For this is far more than a truss—far more than merely a device for holding the rupture in place.

Try It at Our Risk.

We have so much faith in the Cluthe Truss that we are willing to let you prove, by trying it at our risk, just what it will do for you.

If it fails to hold your rupture securely in place, when working and at all other times—if it doesn't do you a world of good—then it won't cost you a single cent. All guaranteed in writing.

Cure Takes Place While You Work.

A Cluthe Truss—right from the first day—will put an end to all danger of your rupture coming out.

And, in addition—while you go on working, remember—it soon overcomes the **weakness** which is the real **cause** of rupture—

Does it by **massaging** the weak ruptured parts—All entirely **automatically.**

And this stimulating massage **strengthens** just as **exercise** strengthens a weak **arm**—in most cases soon makes the ruptured parts so strong that no sign of the rupture is left.

That is how the Cluthe Truss has cured some of the worst cases of rupture on record—cured many of them after everything else, including operation, had proved utterly useless.

Free Book Tells All About It

So that you can judge for yourself, we want to send you—free—our cloth-bound book of advice.

It sums up all we have learned in 40 years of day-after-day experience. It deals with rupture in all its forms and stages; explains the dangers of operations; put you on guard against throwing money away.

And it tells all about the Cluthe Truss—how little it costs—how it ends all expense—how it is water-proof—how it has no springs, band, belt or elastic around your waist, no leg-straps, nothing to pinch, chafe, squeeze or bind. And how you can try a Cluthe Truss entirely at our risk.

Book sent in plain, sealed envelope. Write for it today—don't put it off—don't try to make up your mind one way or the other about the Cluthe Truss until you see, as told in this book, how thousands as badly ruptured as you, have been restored to full strength and usefulness.

Just use the coupon, or simply say in a letter or postal: "Send me your book." In writing us, please give our box number as below.

RELIEF COUPON
Box 14 Cluthe Institute
125 East 23d St., New York City.
Send me your Free Book on The Cure of Rupture.
Name .....
Street .....
Town .....

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with **mucoid and catarrhal secretions,** backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two** before you will feel its great benefits—**only one dose is usually required.** I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely **Free** so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from **Gall Stones.** I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and **Gall Stones** should not hesitate a moment, but send for this **Free** treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who state they have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

GEORGE H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist
Mayr Building, 154-156 Whiting Street, Chicago
References:—Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

Sign and Mail This Coupon To-day

Geo. H. Mayr, Mfg. Chemist, Mayr Bldg., 154-156 Whiting St., Chicago

Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name .....
Address .....
City and State .....
Write Plainly
Express Office .....

You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to benefit.

Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by the Pure Food and Drug Act. Serial No. 28703

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

The Old "Square Grand"

ELIZABETH AYRES

LATELY I have been thinking, without knowing the reason why, of the old-time, square grand pianos now passed out of fashion and favor, and fast being numbered with the vanished. The square grand is a discard. Soon it will arrive at the dignity of being an antique. One is seldom seen except in houses which long have been the home of one family, or in some place where the piano is likely to be a donation, or if it is purchased, it is because it could be bought very cheap, second-handed.

Now and then one comes across a square grand, left over from the days when square grands were in their glory. All of these left-overs are old enough to have a history. Most of them are waifs and strays, driven out, cast adrift and thrust away because there are not many places left for the poor old square grand to stay in or to go to.

A few there are, which have been permitted to remain in the home where they were set up fresh and new in the heyday of their youth, and regarded as a fine possession. Of these, it is likely, many of the strings are mute. Thin have grown their tones, and it is not possible to do much more with them than to raise a little tune, if you can play and chance to be asked to, "play something." It may be that the keys have been long unused and they stick together and creak complainingly, and some of the notes will not sound at all, when the keyboard is awakened from its long slumber.

One old piano I well know is still under the roof which sheltered it when it came, newly purchased, from the dealer. Its arrival was an event preluded by much consultation with various piano sellers and more than one visit to the nearest city, where there was a large stock of pianos from which to make a selection. To buy a piano when this one was bought meant more money than it does in these days of many brands of pianos, "to be had on easy terms," and the purchasing of one was an affair of considerable importance.

In the case in question there was the old piano to be included in the trade. The old piano was a second-hand one when it came into the family, but it was thought good enough for the small girl to begin on. What its quality of tone may have been I cannot remember, but the decoration across its front remains a clear picture. It was an elaborate floral design done in mother-of-pearl, cut and colored like roses and completed with leaves and tendrils, laid on with gold paint. The effect was gorgeous and helped to alleviate the affliction of beginning piano lessons.

The old piano was carried out and away, somewhere, forever, when the new one came in to take its place. Its relic, the stool that belonged with it, stayed behind to do service with the new square grand, though now it is relegated to the attic, with other banished household gods, and the new piano has become an old one.

In its day this old piano was reckoned as something "pretty fine." The leading professor of music in the town came in to try it and pronounced it good. Its cost was several hundreds of dollars, but it was thought to be worth the money, and its owners were proud to have it.

There was a big volume of tone in that piano when its voice was young. Its base notes are still deep and resounding, but its upper tones have grown thin and tinpanny and do not give out many sounds that are musical. While its bigness of tone has gone its size has not diminished, and now, since its lid is nearly always down, its spacious top is a convenient place to put things on.

At one period of its existence one of the dogs belonging to the procession of dogs which has passed through the family dwelling, chose to make its top his sleeping quarters, and nothing could restrain him from having his way whenever he had the chance. He was a large, black, Gordon setter, with big, brown eyes, which always looked sad and reproachful, especially when he was requested to do anything he did not want to do. When he settled himself on top of the piano, it was if a king had mounted his throne. Commands, entreaties, coaxing, had no effect upon him. He would not come down from his lodgment, unless he was dragged down, which required considerable strength and energy. If the piano top were open, or otherwise engaged, his next favorite sleeping place was on top of the center table, which, being of the library variety, afforded him room to spread.

The dog is no more. Both the table and piano have survived him, but no other dog has come into the family since his reign, which has had the habit of sleeping on pianos and tables.

This is a glimpse of the story of one old square grand which has had a home to stay in, while others of its day and generation, and others much older, have become derelicts and strays. With it are associated many pleasant memories, and, after all, when one comes to value pleasant memories, things with which they are associated are worth cherishing, if possible, even when the music is mute.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

A happy disposition is a more desirable possession than riches.

Think more of what you can put into life to make it worth living than what you can get out of it.

The one who tries to make a fool of someone else is making the greatest fool of himself.

You might as well make up your mind that time will bring changes, and be ready to adjust yourself to them with the best grace possible, if the changes happen to be not to your liking.

If you anticipate possible happiness more than possible trouble, you will have a better time living.

How much trouble you have depends largely upon how much you make. With happiness it is the same.

You hurt yourself more than anyone else when you get mad and thrash around.

Half the tragedies and misery in the world are caused by jealousy. That way madness lies.

Those who keep themselves and their own affairs in good order have little time or inclination to interfere with the affairs of others.

It is yourself you have to make good more than anyone else.

Envy, hatred, jealousy and malice are things to get out of your system as soon as possible. The sooner the quicker.

What you hand out to the world, the world will hand back to you.

What you give out that will you get in return. We all have to pay with the coin we use.

When you cheer up and do the best you can, you are doing something worth while.

Whatever you do, don't "jaw."

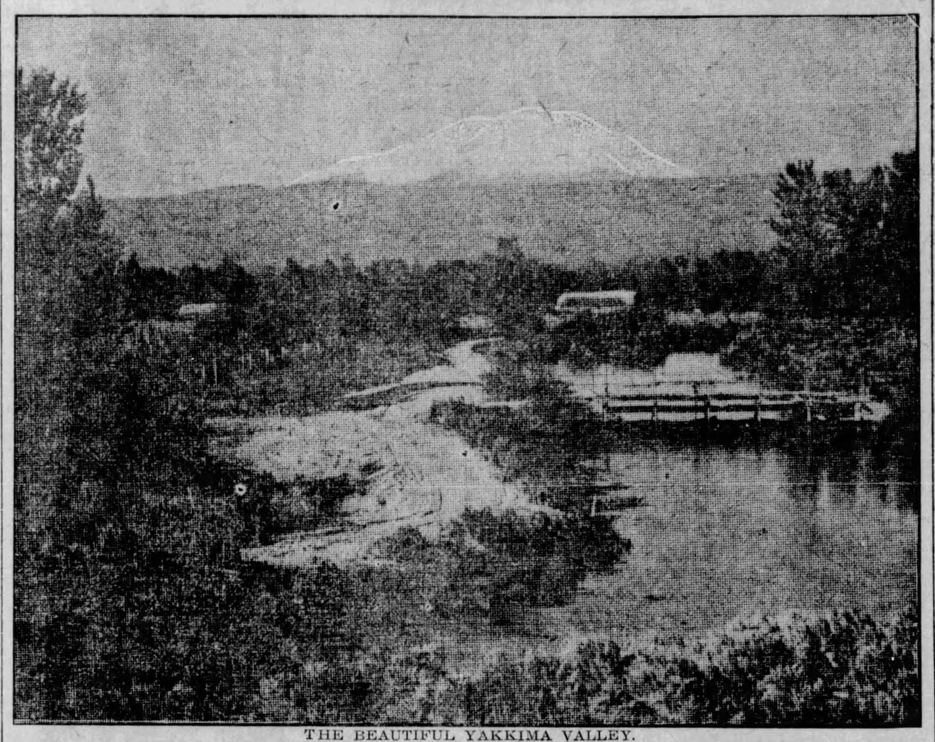
Mending the Gloves.

Use cotton thread for mending the gloves, as silk thread will cut the kid. Do not use the over and over stitch as it always shows so plainly. Take a stitch on one side of the seam and then a stitch on the opposite side and draw them together. This keeps the regular seam intact and conceals the fact that the glove is mended.

Scandal.

Several children heard the word scandal and one asked, "What is scandal?" whereupon the other replied: "It is when nobody ain't done nothin' and somebody goes and tells."

THE BANNER APPLE COUNTRY



THE BEAUTIFUL YAKKIMA VALLEY.

A FEW years ago, sage brush, plains and valleys where howling coyotes roamed at will, disturbed only by the hungry cattle seeking the blades of bunch-grass here and there dotting the surface; with a horizon broken only by the distant verdureless hills or mountains refreshing in their green timbered slopes and snow-capped summits; today a land of plenty, harboring a prosperous and wealthy people. These people have comfortable and even elegant homes, surrounded by beautiful orchards of apples, peaches, pears and cherries, vineyards of luscious grapes, fields of berries and small fruits. We find towns thriving and growing rapidly, traversed by busy lines of railway and trolley system, well-kept roads, telephone lines and rural delivery routes affording commercial intercourse and industrial facilities equal to any section of the country.

According to an article by Sidney C. Hiller in The World Today for January, this briefly describes the settlement, growth and development of the northwest, particularly that part beyond the Rocky Mountains, where irrigation and the hard labor of a determined people, gathered from all parts of the United States east of the Rockies, have worked a marvelous transformation.

The great fruit-producing valleys of this agricultural empire are: The now famous Payette valley, Idaho; Hood River valley, Oregon; Pogue River valley, Oregon; Yakima valley and Wenatchee valley, Washington; the Spokane "country;" the Lewiston and Clarkston valleys in Washington and Idaho, and the Flathead valley and Bitter Root valley, Montana.

Throughout this fruit country, the cultivation and yield of apples is something phenomenal. Train loads and ship loads move from these orchards to our great centers of trade, and across the ocean to England and other parts of Europe. There is a demand for them in Asia. Australia is taking thousands of boxes. The cold-storage warehouses in cities east of the Mississippi river are filled to overflowing with the crop of apples from this section, to be taken out during the winter and spring months, as the trade demands.

Yakima valley is the largest fruit valley in the Northwest, and is 200 miles long, between its highest sources on the east slope of the Cascade Mountains and the outlet of its waters into the Columbia river. It is a land of many waters, and to them still cling the musical names given them by the Indians. The Yakima river extending through this valley irrigates the immense orchards. When nature distributed her gifts, she put so many of the good things in the Yakima valley that it has become famous all over the world for its fruit. The acreage in full bearing in this valley is relatively small, but there are in different stages of bearing about 18,000 acres principally set to apples, peaches and pears. There are at present 45,000 acres set to fruit, and the acreage adapted to fruit-growing is fully double that now planted. The shipments of fruits of all kinds for the season of 1910 are upwards of 5,000 carloads, of which 3,000 carloads are apples. This valley is 15 to 40 miles wide.

POETS' CORNER

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR

By William Makepeace Thackeray.

In tattered old slippers, that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket, perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom, up four pairs of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day,
Is grand through the chimney-pots, over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,
With worthless old knick-knacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends—
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china, (all cracked)
Old rickety tables and chairs, broken-backed;
A two-penny treasury, wondrous to see,
What matter? 'Tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better dream need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying rug came from a Turcoman's camp,
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce, yonder dagger has drawn,
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long, through the hours and the night and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends and old times,
As we sit in a fog made of rich latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There is one that I love and cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair,
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, then holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withering old arms;
I looked and I longed, and I wished in despair;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place;
She'd a scarf on her neck and a smile on her face;
A smile on her face and a rose in her hair,
As she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low and the company's gone,
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

UNCLE NED

By Stephen C. Foster.

There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned,
And he died long ago, long ago;
He had no wool on the top of his head,
The place where the wool ought to grow.

CHORUS.

Then lay down the shovel and the hoe,
Hang up the fiddle and the bow;
For there's no more work for poor old Ned,
He's gone where the good darkies go.

His fingers were long as the cane in the brake,
And he had no eyes for to see;
And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe-cake,
So he had to let the hoe-cake be.

One cold, frosty morning, old Ned died;
Massa's tears they fell like rain;
For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground,
He'd never see his like again.

I'M GOING HOME TO CLO

Author Unknown.

In the old Carlina state, where the sweet magnolia blooms,
And the pickaninny darkey learns to hoe,
There is one I long to see, she was always true to me,
But I left her many, many years ago.

'Mid the cotton and the corn, there we both were bred and born,
And together in the field we used to sow,
But 'tis twenty years or more since I left the cabin door,
So I'm going back to see my darling Clo.

CHORUS.

Darling Clo, darling Clo,
Your sweet face I soon shall see I know;
Where the southern sunny breeze fans the old palmetto trees,
I am going home to see my darling Clo.

In the dear old sunny home, where the songsters always sing,
And the mocking bird is warbling all the day,
She is waiting for her Jo, and I long to see my Clo,
For, like me, I know her hair has turned to gray.

The plantation is no more and the day of toil is o'er,
For she's creeping close to eighty-three,
But she'll wait 'till I come back, by the coon and possum track,
For I have not seen her since we all were free.

'Neath the genial southern skies, where the sweetest blossoms grow,
I am bound to see my Clo, and 'tis very sad to know,
That e're long they'll lay my poor old love away,
When they place her 'neath the sod, upon which we often trod,
Then this world will have no other charms for me;
Then close by my Clo's side this poor form will there abide,
'Neath the shadeless and the tall palmetto tree.

DON'T TAKE MY LITTLE HOME

(Author Unknown.)

Is it true, kind stranger, as I have just been told,
That I shall have to leave; this cottage has been sold?
Yes, the old log cabin, Grandma, will be torn down.
And for myself I can build a home, The finest in the town.

CHORUS.

Don't take my little home sir,
Pity a mother, pray,
Here I have lived since childhood,
Seventy years today.
My heart will break with sorrow,
From this dear place to roam;
Don't turn me out in the street, kind sir,
Don't take my little home.

Here we played in childhood, brother dear and I,
Under the old oak tree, while summer days passed by;
In the chimney corner, near the log fire bright,
Cold winter days have fled away, Burned in the loft at night.

In the village churchyard, 'neath a crumbling stone,
Loved ones have long been sleeping; I am all alone.
From the scenes of childhood never I thought to roam,
For all in this world that is dear to me Is this, my little home.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good cheer.

MORE ABOUT TAMPA

Dear Cozy Corner—I really must cry "help! help!" or else hire some one to help me on my Florida letter, published in the Cozy Corner of December 22. However, as I never go back on my word, and, as my 150 or more correspondents wrote in good faith, I will try to respond in kind. As many of those who wrote to me were seeking situations, inquiring about climatic conditions, and so on, I think it best to give an answer of a general nature, through the columns of The Blade.

My first letter was to those, in the main like myself, who were seeking a warmer climate, where one may have fresh vegetables from his garden in December as well as in May or June, where the roses are blooming, "right now," in the front yard, like they bloom in Missouri in the spring, and where nature seems never to sleep, but is "on the job" continually throughout the year, and a vista of green always meets the eye.

I cannot say that Tampa is a cheap place to live, but taking into consideration the fact that so much less of cold-weather commodities are needed one can really live cheaper year in and year out than in a colder climate. Again, it must be understood that Tampa is a commercial center and not a manufacturing city. By that I mean in the way manufacturing is classed in the north. Outside of its cigar factories, there being 182 in all, there is little for a mechanic to do.

The city has a population of about 60,000 and is growing very fast. Owing to the strike of the cigarmakers building is at a standstill just now, but this trouble will wear itself out before long, and I am satisfied the city will go forward and imuprovements of all kinds will take a new lease of life, as northern people and capital are pouring in here continually.

Being situated 16 miles from the gulf, the place is practically immune from violent storms. In talking with people who have been here for 20 years, they say that occasionally they have some hard winds, but I see no traces of anything to equal what we had in St. Louis, not so many years ago, when the whole southwestern portion of the city was wrecked.

The soil is very porous and sandy. Water will not stand any length of time after a rain. This fact makes the place healthful, and, as they have a fine system of sewerage and get their water from artesian wells, their claim to being the healthiest place in the country is no exaggeration, as every one of American birth seems rugged and hearty. Before coming here I was of the opinion that the country was low and swampy and that malaria prevailed. If there are any swamps near Tampa I have failed to see them.

This portion of the state must not be confused with the southern part, or east coast, as there is plenty of low, swampy land in both portions. Let me tell you, I would not exchange my 30 acres here for 300 near Pensacola. While there are portions of the east coast that is excellent for certain products I believe the land around Tampa is capable of raising anything that is raised north, or east of here.

I trust my readers will not get confused, as to my object in writing these lines. As I stated in my former letter, I am satisfied this is the most congenial climate in this country for a poor man; one that is seeking health, or to escape the drudgery of the shop or factory. Ten acres of ground here, with good care—mind I say good care, though one need not be an expert gardener for that either—will provide a comfortable living for a good-sized family and supply everything we have in the north, with the exception of apples. There is pasture for cows the year around. Fish and game for your own use, or a good market for same at least six months of the year, as Tampa is crowded with people, wintering here from November to April. These winter residents create a demand for all products of the soil, and, as this demand will increase as the town grows, I would advise anyone to do as I have done and intend to do—buy a little patch of ground and begin operations while the land is cheap and can be had.—Thomas Beasley, Florida.

PREPARATIONS AND MEMORIES

This letter was written and received in the past fall, but it is a pleasant letter to read, even though belated, so I pass it on.—Elizabeth.

Autumn is here again, and the pretty, white snowflakes have been flying through the air. The first snow of the year made us "hump ourselves" to get the "stuff" in the cellar. First was a trip to the garden for a nice lot of cabbage, and in a short time, there was a big jar of kraut made. Then the potatoes were hustled in, and the apples, and still there are beets and turnips to follow suit, then we shall be ready for winter.

In the course of a few days, we shall see the leaves falling to mother earth, then how joyful the school children will be playing among them. I remember when I used to go to school, what a gladsome time we had in playing among the leaves. Even now, I like to wade in them and toss them about with my feet. Then, too, the play houses we girls used to make. In memory I can see them yet. How we gathered the prettiest mosses and arranged them in some corner that suited our fancy.

As my brother and I were taking an outing a few days ago, we passed the school house where we both spent so many happy hours. I pointed out to him a place where there had been a play house built by myself in a little corner beside a tree, and I showed him the old log that served "we girls" for a riding horse. The log is still there, but it is worn with age, and looks forlorn and forsaken.

There were games of tag, leap frog, hound, jail, and so on, and when snow came, fox and geese was in order also coasting down the hill on the little sleds the boys brought to school. Then the merry, merry youngsters on their way home after the hours of study were over! It all comes back so plainly. Those good old times have gone, and the more serious side of life confronts us. Let us try to meet it with as merry hearts as we had in our school days.—A Little Old Maid from Indiana.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

If things are not to your liking in your home, it is up to you to make them better. There are more ways than one around Robin Hood's barn.

Many thanks for all subscriptions to The Blade. Keep on liking us.

All letters sent to this page should have Household Editor written on the envelope, where it may be easily seen. Don't forget this.

Being hard to please means having few pleasures.

If you help to make life pleasant for others you will find it far pleasanter for yourself.

Pioneering in Michigan

PART FIRST

To Mrs. William Reimann, or Oregon, we are indebted for the following story of pioneering in Michigan, which is related from personal experience. Some time ago we published Mrs. Reimann's account of her experiences in a lumber camp, when she had first started in married life. The following account is as interesting as the lumber camp story. Owing to its length it will appear in two parts.—Editor.

I will give you a glimpse of pioneering in Michigan, where my husband and I lived during the early days of our marriage. Our life there was not materially different from that of our neighbors. Each settler owned from 80 to 160 acres of land. It was all heavily timbered. On top, to the depth of about four inches, was a black mould, called muck. In summer this muck became dry as powder, and, when the settlers burned their log heaps and brush piles, it caught fire from the sparks. If the summer happened to be dry it continued to burn slowly until snow fell, killing all the trees within its reach. When the spring rains loosened the earth and a heavy storm set in, the trees were all blown down and thousands of acres were thus transformed into a "windfall." This was an advantage to the settlers as the land was much more easily cleared.

In clearing the land we got up logging bees. After the trees had been cut into lengths of about 14 feet they measured off something like five acres. This was staked off in one-acre strips, then 25 men, sometimes two or three from one family, assembled at a settler's homestead. They divided into five crews, four men with handspikes and one to drive the oxen comprising a crew. Each crew began work on the strip of ground staked off. The teamster hauled the logs to a certain spot, and the four men, two at each end of the log, rolled them in piles, using two skids to roll the logs on top of the pile. The crews worked with might and main, each trying to finish their task first.

In those days it was customary for each settler to lay in a supply of whisky for a logging bee. This was handed around at intervals in a wooden pail, wherein was a little tin dipper with a long handle. To their credit be it said that I never saw one of the men drunk, although most of them felt a little hilarious. If a settler failed to furnish the "corn juice" he was called stingy and it was almost impossible for him to secure help. Some settlers would buy a barrel of whisky and sell it at retail to their neighbors. It was nothing uncommon to see a board tacked over the door of a settler's house with the inscription, "Whisky for sale; 25 cents a gallon."

Gradually our clearing increased in size and broadened into large fields, and, after several years of hard work and strict economy, we were able to buy a span of horses, a wagon, mowing machine and other farm implements. Later on the little log house gave way to a commodious dwelling and the log stable was replaced by a large fram barn. The barn rested on cedar blocks about 18 inches above ground. At the south end of the barn a good-sized stable was attached.

We now had a nice farm and were on the road to prosperity. In the summer of 1881 we had a good crop, our barn was filled with hay and grain. The middle and latter part of the summer were very dry, not a drop af rain fell from about the first of July till sometime in November. Creeks dried, wells became empty and had to be deepened. Weeds and grasses shriveled and dried. The dead trees and brush in the windfall were as dry as matches. Smoke began to fill the air. Anxiously we scanned the heavens for a sign of clouds, but none appeared. Every evening the sun set like a huge fiery ball, and about an hour before sundown it was invisible in the smoke and haze.

In the first week of October we threshed our grain and stored it in the granary, which was situated in the barn. About this time the smoke was oppressive and fine ashes began to fall.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you admit another Buckeye girl to your circle? I hope I shall be welcome, as it has taken me a good while to pluck up enough courage to write.

I notice there are a great many book lovers among the members, and if I am admitted there will be one more.

Henry Schrant, Deshler, O., tells us that he keeps a list of the late books and their authors, that he hears of. I wonder if he has these on his list: The Calling of Dan Matthews and The Uncrowned King, both by Harold Bell Wright, and The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, by John Fox, Jr. The Shepherd of the Hills should be read before The Calling of Dan Matthews. It is by the same author.

Like Shorty of Southern Ohio, I have read Ishmael and St. Elmo, but I enjoy some of the English novels such as David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens; Adam Bede and The Mill on the Floss, by George Eliot; Ivanhoe and other of Sir Walter Scott's historical novels.

I wonder if Shorty and I are near neighbors. I live in Noble county.

Buckeye Schoolma'am, we have not heard from you for some time. I enjoy the letters from teachers, as I am one myself. I am now teaching my second term.

Charles Gau, Colorado, come again and tell us more about that part of the country. It is interesting. I have a brother living in Otero county, Colo.

New England Girl, we should like to have your "90 in the shade experience."

I wonder how many of the M. G. R.'s are personally acquainted with Elizabeth. I should like to be. As this is my first venture I will close before my letter gets too long.—Bonnie Doon, Ohio.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Have any of you made resolutions for 1911? If you have, do not fail to add these few to the ones already made, and try to keep them: Give kind words in return for sharp ones. Let selfishness find no lodging room in your heart. The consideration of others comes under the head of unselfishness. Have you ever stopped to think how much evil finds its source in selfishness? One form of it which is especially noticeable, is impolite manners. I am trying my best to keep these said resolutions.

I am among the mountains of Virginia now, and shall be for a few months longer, then I expect to go on down to the "Land of Flowers."

There is nothing I like better than nature and its wonders, and I have a splendid chance to study these as I am surrounded by them in their full glory. I think that here in the old, historical state of Virginia, I have seen sunrises and sunsets and moonlight nights that were as pretty as they ever get to be. If you Floridians could be with me some afternoon, just at sunset, and watch the changing lights on the distant mountains you would never, never want to go back to the level state. Sometimes the colors are purple shades, sometimes blue. The distance seems to vary when the color changes.

When I looked out from my window this morning I saw a beautiful picture; one that no artist could ever paint. It had rained during the night, and every tree and twig was covered with a glittering mantle of ice. When the sun shines on a scene like that, can you not imagine what a dazzling display it is?

Happy James of West Virginia, come again, please. Your letter was enjoyed very much. Happy Girl of North Carolina, permit me to disagree with you in saying that women are the first to change after marriage. I have noticed that it is the other sex. You just watch.

Brown Eyes, of Indiana, and Shorty, Ohio, both of your letters were fine. In fact, all the letters are as nice as can be.

In November I passed the eighteenth mile post, which marks my years. Is my birthday the same as any of "you alls"—November 15th?

I will now wish you all the prosperity and happiness that the New Year holds, and bid you adieu.—R. Cuneo, Virginia.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Weather in Toledo at the present time of writing—Cloudy, and with more than some rain. However, one of the days the skies will clear and the sun will shine all over us.

A good thing for all you young people to remember is, that the pleasant spoken one is always the welcome one.

Good letters are becoming the rule with the M. G. R. writers.

Remember, Household Editor should be written on the envelope of all letters sent to this page.

MARY CASSIDY'S RUG

ELIZABETH AYRES

ME havin' saw a man I never seen before go to Mary Cassidy's wid a big parcel under wan arm, an' him comin' away widout it, says I to meself, "what's that Mary Cassidy up to this day?"

Sure she's the wan that keeps me oneasy wid guessin'.

Well-knowin', if she was up to somethin' she intended to keep secret, she'd be over to tell it, 'twas me that went on wid me work wid calmness, wid wan eye on the back door of Mary Cassidy's house, an' wid wan ear on me own back door, so Mary Cassidy could not be slippin' out o' her back door, an' into me kitchen widout me knowin' she was doin' that same, in case she cut acrost when I was not lookin'.

'Twas me that was gettin' cross-eyed, tryin' to look two ways to wanst, her bein' that exasperatin' an' not comin' over as I expected, when I seen the red head of her through her window, an' her play-actin', as if she was lookin' at somethin' grand on the floor, an' makin' as if she was not knowin' 'twas me that was watchin', an' dyin' wid curiosity.

"Not if the head drops offen her will I go over," says I to meself, well-knowin' 'twas showin' off for me benefit that was causin' her to be doin' as she done.

"'Tis her that'll have to be sendin' the written invitation to Ann Donovan before I enter her door," says I, takin' me two hands out o' me dishwater, an' given' 'em a wipe on me apron, which same I t'rew over me head an' cut acrost to Mary Cassidy's.

Wid formality I rapped on her door.

Wid formality, says she, "Who's present?" well-knowin' 'twas me, havin' saw me cuttin' acrost the yard.

Wid that, she opens her door an' t'rows up her two hands wid surprise.

"Why, sure 'tis Ann Donovan!" says she. "'Tis me that was wishin' yez would come over," says she wid flat-t'ry.

"'Tis me that's come," says I. "Havin' nothin' to do, I t'ought this was a good place to do it," says I. "How are yez this day, Mary Cassidy?"

"'Tis feelin' grand, I am, wid hopes o' pullin' t'rough the week, an' maybe the wan after. 'Tis for you I'm hopin' the same, Ann Donovan," says she. "Set down," says she, wid politeness.

'Twas me that done as she said, passin' her the back compliment, the smile her face was wearin' havin' warmed the heart of me. 'Tis not me that can stay mad wid Mary Cassidy from wan minute till the next wan. We're that kind o' lady friends, an' her red-headed.

"Was it a man I saw comin' an' goin' from your door, Mary Cassidy?" says I, speakin' careless.

"It was not," says she, "'twas an agent."

"How much do you owe?" says I.

"It may be more, an' it may be less," says she. "'Tis not me that's knowin' 'till it's in plain figures the diffrunce betwixt what he's been gave an' what he hopes to get."

"'Tis quite a diffrunce," says I, "betwixt what he's gave an' what he gets when he gets it. 'Tis the wan who's owin' that makes it," says I.

"'Tis truth you do be tellin', Ann Donovan," says she, wid dignity.

Wid that, she stoops down to the floor an' pulls into me sight a rug, me not havin' saw that same in her house before, an' be this, 'twas me that was knowin' 'twas recent bought offen the agent. 'Twas a grand thing! The pattern was two big, green lions in the center, an' where there was no green lions, the rug was red all over it. Widout sayin' a word, Mary Cassidy turns up the wrong side. Turned over, the lions was red, an' where there was no red lions, 'twas green, all over it. 'Twas a grand thing!

"Is it a rug, Marry Cassidy?" says I.

"It is," says she. "Do you favor it?"

"It may suit them to whose tastes 'tis suited," says I. "For me, 'tis too loud. You can hear them lions roarin'."

"'Tis what I favor," says she, "for the pleasure o' Dennis, me youngest. Settin' on them lions, sure he'll think he's gone to the circus, an' is ridin' the elephant, let alone the elegant touch that'll be gave to me house, when 'tis not bein' set on be Dennis. There's another wan like it, where this wan come from, Ann Donovan," says she, "savin' the lions, which on that wan is roses. Them green roses look grand."

"Do they!" says I.

"They do," says she.

"You're house would be gave an elegant touch, an' the price'll be made to come aisy on wan o' them rosy rugs," says she.

"Will it?" says I.

"It will," says she, "the same as to me, him knowin' we are friends."

'Twas me Mary Cassidy had guessin', me well knowin' 'twas not the price of a rug she'd be havin' from wan year till the next wan. I was seein' her gettin' arrested, when I had a sudden t'ought. 'Twas the right wan.

"Mary Cassidy," says I, "do they be passin' 'em round on trial?" She gave me wan look an' a grin.

"They do be," says she, "same as washin' machines an' bread-mixers. You're the knowin' woman, Ann Donovan," says she. "'Twas the agent hisself that come around that coaxin', an' 'twas me that took it offen him for the pleasure o' Dennis. Sure he'll think 'tis a circus when he sets on them lions."

Wid that, she ups and sets Dennis on top o' them lions. He gave 'em wan look an' let out a screech, something fierce.

"Sure, 'tis no circus Dennis is havin'," says I. "Them lions is t'rowin' him into fits. Take him offen them bastes, Mary Cassidy," says I, an' she done it.

Wid that I went home, leavin' the rug on Mary Cassidy, an' her shovin' the rug under the bed.

BRIDE'S CAKE.

For Bride's Cake cream one cupful of butter and add gradually, while beating constantly, two cupfuls of sugar. Mix and sift two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of corn-starch and four and one half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Add to first mixture alternately with one cupful of milk; then add one half teaspoonful of almond-extract and the whites of five eggs beaten until stiff. Turn into two buttered and floured cake-pans and bake in a moderate oven. Cover with boiled frosting flavored with almond extract.

Boiled Frosting.

Put one cupful of sugar and one third of a cupful of boiling water in a saucepan. Bring to the boiling-point, and let boil, with little or no stirring, until syrup will spin a thread when dropped from the tip of a spoon or times of a silver fork. Pour syrup very gradually, while beating constantly, onto the beaten white of one egg and continue the beating until mixture is of the right consistency to spread. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and pour over cake, spreading evenly with back of spoon. Crease as soon as firm. If not beaten long enough, this frosting will run; if beaten too long, it will not be smooth. Often in the hands of the inexperienced cook this frosting is more successfully made with the whites of two eggs. Boiled frosting may be flavored in a variety of ways—with one half tablespoonful of lemon-juice, one half teaspoonful of almond-extract or one teaspoonful of vanilla and one fourth of a teaspoonful of almond-extract. Chopped filberts, walnuts, pecans, shredded cocoanut,

ONE STEP AT A TIME

Author Unknown.

As I sat alone in the gloaming,
Toil-worn with the cares of the day,
And mused on the untrodden future
That stretches so far away—
My brain it grew faint with the vision
And my heart with foreboding stood still,
Lest my strength should fail on the journey
Ere my feet touched its uttermost hill.

And my timorous soul was a-weary,
And silenced the voice of my song,
As I cried like a child in the darkness,
"O, Father, the way is so long—
The mountains are steep, and the valleys
But barren and verdureless plains;
I shall sink by the wayside, my Father,
Overborne by the struggles and pains."

Then out from the silence and darkness
The voice of my Father I hear:
"O, cease, weary one, thy complaining,
Look upward and be of good cheer,
Shrink not from the journey before thee
Nor shudder at trials to be;
One step at a time is the measure
Thy Father requireth of thee."

So now I have learned my lesson,
And brighter the pathway appears;
I darken no more the tomorrow
With forecasts of sorrow and tears.
I know that my Father is guiding
My feet to a glorious clime,
And sweetly I'll finish the journey
By only one step at a time.

Please be kind enough not to send any poetry other than in answer to requests. It is impossible to print as fast as it is wanted the poetry for which we are asked.

POEMS REQUESTED

Be sure to write Household Editor on the envelope of all letters intended for this page.

The song, Sweet Evelena, dear Evelena, is wanted.

A poem, of which the following is a part, is wanted: I'll bet there isn't another couple on this side of Jersey's shore, like me and Mary Ann.

Two negro songs, popular 50 years ago, called Angelina Baker and Dolly Day, are asked for.

FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN

Women suffering from any form of illness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman and thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

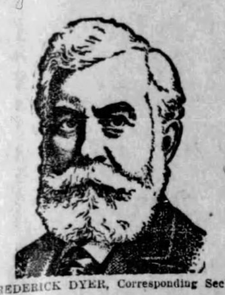
Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

RHEUMATISM

Remarkable Michigan External Remedy which is curing thousands sent TO TRY FREE.

Just Mail My Coupon

Don't take medicine to draw out impurities but help Nature expel them through the pores in her own simple way.



FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

Send my coupon today. Return mail will bring you a regular $1.00 pair of **Magic Foot Drafts**, the great Michigan remedy which is curing thousands, **TO TRY FREE.** Then if you are satisfied with the benefit received send us One Dollar. If not, send nothing. **You decide** and we take your word. Magic Foot Drafts are curing Rheumatism in every form — Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago, Gout, etc., no matter in what stage of progress or how many medicines have failed. The simple principles underlying this wonderful treatment are fully explained in our illustrated free book. Don't delay, but send the coupon now—today—while you can. Send no money—just the coupon.

This $1 Coupon FREE

Good for a regular $1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts to be sent Free to try (as explained above) to

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Mail this coupon to Magic Foot Draft Company, WB3 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

$3.50 Receipt Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excess, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, STOP-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

HER-CU-LIN STRENGTH AND VIGOR FOR MEN

HER-CU-LIN the giant developer for men's Vitality quickly gives results. If you still have ambition to enjoy life get Her-cu-lin the "New Direct Method." Powerful Virile invigoration quickly secured. Strongest kind of endorsements from cured men. $1.00 10 cents brings you full proving size at once. Write H. OSWALD CO., 318-24 W. 42d St., New York.

FITS

EPILEPSY or Falling Sickness.

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and **Free Bottle** of my Infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Failing Sickness a lifelong study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O address. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

ASTHMA

CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms.

Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U.S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure this disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthma sufferers. Address **FRANK WHETZEL, M. D.** Dept. S, American Express Building, Chicago.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 35 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1817 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Wise Women A discreet men use our remedies, toilet necessities, rubber goods, appliances, etc. "HINTS and HELPS," an illustrated catalog $1. Address Webster Specialty Co. A 35 Chicago

Free Rheumatism Cure

A Home Cure Will Be Given FREE By One Who Had It.

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bed ridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I will send a free trial of this precious remedy by mail, postpaid to any sufferer who writes for it. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 746 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

Name.....

Address.....

Splendid for Old People

When the human system declines the accumulated poisons in the blood cause rheumatic pains in the joints, muscles and back. These warnings should be promptly relieved and serious illness avoided by using the following prescription which shows wonderful results even after the first few doses. It will eventually restore physical vigor. "One ounce compound syrup of Sarsaparilla; one ounce Toris compound; half pint of high grade whiskey. This to be mixed and used in tablespoonful doses before each meal and at bed time. The bottle to be shaken each time." Any druggist has these ingredients or will quickly get them for you. Any one can mix them.

EGGS ARE TUMBLING

Overstock of Cold Storage Products Is Going to Bring Down Prices.

Down with a crash will go the price of butter, eggs, cheese and other cold storage products, according to local dealers.

It is predicted that the Elgin dairy board will take two or three cents off butter at its weekly meeting Monday afternoon. As Elgin practically controls the situation in the middle west, the consumer is bound to profit directly by the reduction, if one is made. The general opinion in storage circles is that the bulk of dairy products will be sold at a big loss.

"Butter is weak largely because there are 20,000,000 pounds more in storage than at this time a year ago," said Samuel J. Bailey, of the Rock Island Butter Co. "The total amount of butter in coolers at present is about 44,000,000 pounds and this is too big a burden to carry at prevailing prices.

Oleo Is to Blame.

Consumption of oleo and low grade butter is largely responsible for the present weak condition of the creamery market. With storage eggs the case is different. Holders saw the trouble coming and started to get out from under early in the season. The result is that while most of the storage concerns lost money, most of the stocks were unloaded."

The general impression that dairy products are kept chilled as long as five years is declared ill-founded by dealers. Eggs will not stand up longer than nine months under the best of handling, and after butter is kept 18 months it begins to get fishy," said a storage man today. "Furthermore, to carry a pound of butter five years would entail an expense of 6c per 7c, to say nothing of shrinkage and deterioration. Cold storage people fall all over themselves to get rid of eggs inside of six months and butter within a year."

Eggs Going Down.

Storage eggs in Toledo are six cents below the top price of the season and continue to decline. Before the first of the year, as high as $9.00 a case or 30c a dozen was paid by the trade. Now the price is around $6.00 and there are handlers who look for the tail end of the supply to go out at $3.00 a case or 10c a dozen. Monday Toledo wholesalers quoted current receipts, storage, at 22½c and the candled at 22c. The Chicago trade pays 28½c for strictly fresh stock.

A feature of the local butter market is the weakness of packing stock. Buyers do not appear to want it, even at low prices because of slow demand for process. Grocers sell creamery butter at 35c and prime dairy at 34c.

PROGRAM OF WIDE RANGE

Washington, D. C., Jan. 16.—Delegates to the 41st annual meeting of the National Board of Trade, which will open at the new Willard hotel tomorrow, have begun to arrive in the city. Those in charge of the meeting expect an attendance of fully 1,000 leaders in the commercial life of the country. A two-day program has been arranged, providing for the discussion of practically every important proposition pending before congress.

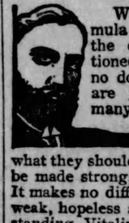
Consumption Book FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

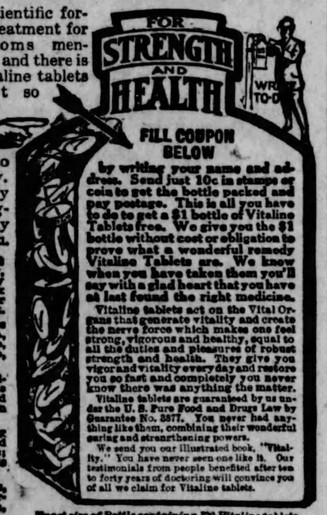
Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 4896 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT



We have proven our scientific formula of Vitaline is a treatment for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it is reliable and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference if you are very weak, hopeless and your trouble long-standing, Vitaline tablets should easily overcome it—they will not disappoint you.



NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Worried Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc. AMERICAN HOME TREATMENT CO., Dept. 108 Marine Building, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Jan. 17.—With cables weak and cash demand practically unimproved, wheat opened quiet and little changed today. One of the most bullish factors was an estimate of 40,000,000 bushels on the Argentine exportable surplus. This is extremely low and should the figures be confirmed, the market will no doubt show a material response. The movement to domestic terminal markets continues fairly heavy. Toledo cash opened ½c higher at 98⅞c, May ⅛c up at $1.02¾, and July unchanged at 98c.

When corn advanced, wheat was carried along up in sympathy. Cash closed ¼c up at $1.00, May 1¼c higher at $1.03½ and July 1c advanced at 99c.

Corn opened ¼c higher with May at 51¼c and July at 52¼c. The early market was strong.

Reported purchases of one big Chicago house, amounting to 2,000,000 bushels, sent corn sharply higher later in the day. Cash closed at 49c, May at 52c and July at 53⅛c, the market being about 1c up.

Oats displayed no changes at the outset or for quite a while after the call. May opened at 37⅜c and July at 37c.

Final oats values: Cash 35¼c, May 37¾c, July 37¼c.

Clover seed receipts were 500 bags against 150 a year ago. Shipments were 205 compared with 595 a year ago. With the exception of slight advances in April and October, opening prices which follow show no changes from the previous close; cash, January, February, March, $9.07½; April, $8.65, and October at $7.72½.

Following the opening field seeds held steady the rest of the session.

Cash quotations based on grain in Toledo elevators, all charges paid.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Jan. 17.	Jan. 16.
Cash	98⅛	....	....	1.00	98⅝
May	1.02⅝	....	....	1.03½	1.02⅝
July	98	....	....	99	98
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	49	48
Cash	....	....	....	49	48
May	51¼	....	....	52	51¼
July	52¼	....	....	53⅛	52⅛
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	35¼	34¾
May	37⅜	....	....	37⅜	37⅝
July	37	....	....	37¼	37
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.07½	....	....	9.07½	9.07½
Jan.	9.07½	....	....	9.07½	9.07½
Feb.	9.07½	....	....	9.07½	9.07½
March	9.07½	....	....	9.07½	9.07½
April	8.65	....	....	8.70	8.60
Oct.	7.72½	....	....	7.72½	7.70
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	84	84
No. 3	....	....	....	81	81
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	4.70	4.70
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.30	9.30
March	....	....	....	9.40	9.40

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.00¼	1.01⅛	1.00⅛	1.01⅛	1.00¼
July	95⅞	....	....	95⅝	95⅞
Sept.	94⅝	....	....	95½	94⅝
Corn—					
May	49½	50⅝	49⅝	50⅜	49¼
July	50⅝	....	....	51⅝	50⅜
Sept.	51⅛	....	....	52⅛	51
Oats—					
May	34⅜	....	....	34⅞	34⅜
July	34¼	....	....	34⅝	34⅓
Sept.	33⅜	....	....	33⅝	33⅓

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.04⅛	....	....	1.05⅛	1.04⅝
July	....	....	....	1.03½	1.02⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	19.95	....	....	20.30	19.97
May	18.85	....	....	19.05	18.75
July	18.45	....	18.42	18.65	18.35
Lard—					
May	10.00	10.07	....	10.05	9.95
July	9.95	....	....	9.97	9.90
Ribs—					
May	9.92	....	....	10.05	9.87
July	9.80	....	....	9.92	9.77
Sept.	9.82	....	....	....	9.77

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.00⅞	....	....	1.02⅛	1.01⅛
July	....	....	....	95⅞	94⅞

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.08⅛	1.07⅝
July	....	....	....	1.08	1.07⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.09⅜	1.09¼
July	....	....	....	1.10⅜	1.10

WINNIPEG.

May	....	....	....	99⅝	99
July	....	....	....	1.01	1.00

Money and Stocks.

New York, Jan. 17.—(Wall Street)—A further marked advance in Canadian Pacific to 210¾, making a gain of 3¼ points, was the principal feature of the opening of the stock market today. The entire list was strong with a gain of 1¼ in Union Pacific, 1½ in Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie, 1⅜ in Sears, Roebuck, 1 in Tennessee Copper and United States Steel and material advances in all the other active issues.

The street was disposed to regard the buoyant rise in Canadian acific as coloring the reports current of a forthcoming issue of new stock with resultant valuable rights to stockholders. Norfolk and Western's gain of 2⅝ was similarly regarded as corroborating gossip of an increased dividend and a possible merger with the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis under a lease to the Pennsylvania. Speculation in general was strong and there was an active inquiry from the shorts which accelerated the rise in the important stocks.

United States Steel forged slowly upward on large transactions, rising 1⅝. Pacific Telephone was unusually active, and went to 50, a gain of 3½. American Telephone also ruled a point higher. The investment demand for the projected New York City 4¼ per cent bonds increases steadily, one block of $500,000 changing hands at 101, the top figure. American Tobacco 4s were also extensively dealt in, advancing 1¼ to 83¼. The 6 per cent bonds betrayed heaviness. There was very little otherwise to the midday market, which quieted down as usual in the absence of any activity in speculative movement.

The principal argument heard in explanation of the market's early buoyancy was the favorable trade statement for December, showing an enormous excess of export over the same month of 1909. Arbitrage brokers reported some further demand for Canadian Pacific from London and the continent. Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie and other issues related to Canadian Pacific moved up in sympathy with the latter. Norfolk & Western issues made further substantial gains on rumors of Pennsylvania control involving an increased dividend, but Pennsylvania participated only slightly in the general advance. The Orangeburg and Pacifics sold higher after the market broadened. Fractional recessions in Canadian Pacific, Reading and Norfolk & Western restricted general buying, but prices were maintained. Chesapeake & Ohio, Lacfede Gas and Wheeling & Lake Erie stocks advanced 1. Pittsburg, C. C. & St. Louis gave way 1¼. Bonds were firm.

New York Stocks.

New York, Jan. 17, 1911.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atc. Coast Line	118½	120	118½	120
Am. Loco. com	40	40¼	40	40¼
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	116¼	116¾	115⅞	115⅞
Atchison	104½	104⅝	103	104⅜
Am .Car & I. Co	53½	53⅝	53½	53⅝
Anaconda	39⅝	39⅝	39⅝	39⅜
Amal. Copper	63⅞	65	63⅞	65
Am. Smelters	75⅝	77⅜	75⅝	77⅛
Am. Ag. Chem. com.	46¾	47¼	46¾	47⅛
Am. Steel Fdy.	45	45⅞	45	45⅞
Am. Tel. & Tel.	142⅝	143⅝	142⅝	143⅝
Am. Tobacco pfd.	95	95¼	94½	94½
Am. Cotton Oil	58½	59	58½	59
Am. Beet Sugar	40⅝	41⅝	40⅝	41⅝
Balt. & Ohio	107¼	107⅝	107¼	107⅝
Brooklyn R. T.	77⅛	78	77⅛	78
Beth. Steel com.	30¼	30¼	30¼	30¼
Chicago & G. W.	23½	23⅝	23½	23½
Chicago G. W. pfd.	47	47¾	47	47¾
Canadian Pac.	209¼	210¾	208	210¾
Clover Leaf	23¼	23½	23¼	23½
Clover Leaf pfd.	53¾	53¾	53¾	53½
Colorado Fuel	33	33	33	33
Ches. & Ohi.	83	84⅜	83	84½
Central Leather	29	29⅝	29	29⅝
Consolidated Gas	141⅜	142⅝	140⅝	142½
Can pfd.	78⅝	79	78⅝	78⅝
Corn Product com.	14⅛	14⅜	14⅛	14⅜
Del. & Hudson	167⅝	168¼	167⅝	168¼
Erie com.	28	28⅝	28	28⅝
Erie 1st pfd.	47	47⅜	47	47⅜
Gt. Northern pfd.	125½	125⅞	125½	125⅞
Gt. Northern Ore	58½	58⅝	58	58
Ill. Central	135⅞	136⅝	135½	135½
Int. Harvester com.	113¼	113¾	113¼	113¼
Interborough com.	19⅝	19⅝	19⅝	19⅝
Interborough pfd.	54½	54½	54	54½
K. C. Sou. com.	33⅝	33⅝	33½	33⅝
Louis. & Nash.	146½	147⅜	146½	147⅜
Laclede Gas	111¾	112¼	111¾	112
Merc. Marine pfd.	15½	15½	15½	15½
Missouri Pacific	49½	50⅝	49½	50¼
M. S. M.	138⅝	140	138⅝	139
M. K. & T. com.	35¼	35⅝	35	35⅜
Nor. Pacific	117⅝	118⅝	117½	118⅝
Nat'l Lead	55¼	55½	55¼	55½
Nevada Con's	18⅞	18⅞	18⅞	18⅞
Northwestern	143	145¼	143	145¼
North Am. Co.	66	66	66	66
N. Y. Central	110¾	111⅞	110¾	111¾
N. & W. com.	104⅝	108¾	104¼	107⅝
N. & W. Con. 4s	104½	108¾	104½	107⅝
Ont. & Western	42	42⅝	42	42¼
Pr. St. Car. Co. com	32¼	32¼	32¼	32¼
Penn. Ry.	126⅜	127⅝	126⅞	127⅛
Pacific Mail	27⅝	27⅝	27⅝	27⅝
Peo. Gas Co.	107½	108¾	107½	108¾
Reading com.	156⅜	156⅞	155⅞	156⅝
Rock Island	32	32⅝	32	32⅝
Rock Island pfd.	62	62⅝	62	62¼
Rep. I. and S. Co.	32⅝	32⅞	32⅝	32⅞
Rep. pref.	94	94½	94	94½
So. Ry.	27⅜	28¼	27⅜	28¼
So. Ry. pref.	64	63½	64	64⅝
St. Paul	125⅝	126¼	125¼	126¼
South. Pacific	116⅞	117⅝	116⅝	117⅝
So. Pac. Con. 4s	97⅞	98	97⅝	98
Sloss Shef. com.	51⅛	51⅝	51⅛	51⅝
Tol. Rys. and Lt.	8½	8½	8½	8½
Third Ave.	11	11	11	11
Texas Pacific	26½	26½	26½	26½
Tenn. Copper	33⅛	34⅛	33⅛	34¼
Union Pacific	175¼	176⅞	175¼	176⅛
U. S. Pac. Con. 4s	104¼	106¼	104¾	106¼
U. S. Steel	76⅛	78⅜	76⅛	78⅜
U. S. Steel pfd.	118⅜	118⅞	118½	118⅝
Utah Copper	46	46	45⅝	46
Virginia Chem.	64¼	64¾	64¼	64¾
West. Md.	51	51¾	51	51¾
Wabash com.	16	16	16	16
Wabash pfd.	34¾	35	34¾	35
West. Union	74½	74¾	74½	74⅝

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Jan. 17.—Hog receipts were light, the market 5c higher and local packers principal buyers. Other live stock ruled steady

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.00@8.05; good mediums, $8.05@8.10; heavy yorkers, $8.15@8.20; light yorkers, $8.20@8.30; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $8.10@8.15; good pigs, $8.40@8.50; bulk of sales, $8.05@8.20; stags and roughs, $6.25@7.25.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat, 1,050@1,200 lbs., $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.50@5.75; common and light steers, $5.00@5.25; choice fat cows, $4.50@5.00; fair to good cows, $3.75@4.00; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.50@3.00; prime export bulls, $4.50@5.25; good butcher bulls, $4.25@4.50; fair to good bologna $4.00@4.25; choice fat heifers, $5.00@6.00; fair to good heifers, $5.00@5.50; common and light heifers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; milkers and springers, $35@60.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.75@4.25; good to choice mixed, $3.25@3.75; fair to good, $2.75@3.75; culls and common, $1.75@2.75; culls to fair, $4.75@5.25; yearlings, $4.25@4.75; choice lambs, $6.25.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9.50 down; fair to good, $8.00@9.00; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and paffed, $4.00@6.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 17.—(By Swope, Hughes, Walt & Benstead)—Cattle, two cars; market steady. Hogs, 15 cars; market steady; heavy, $8.15@8.25; yorkers, $8.40@8.45; pigs, $8.75@8.80; 10 cars; market strong; best lambs, $6.75; yearlings, $5.00@5.75; wethers, $4.75@5.00; ewes, $4.50@4.75. Calves, $5.00@10.75.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Jan. 17.—(By Live Stock Journal)—Cattle, steady. Hogs, 1,500; market active and 5@10c higher; heavy, $8.00@8.10; mixed, $8.15@8.25; mediums, $8.30@8.35; yorkers, $8.25@8.40; lights, $8.25@8.50; pigs, $8.50@8.60. Sheep, 1,200; market firm. $4.60 down; lambs up 15c, top, $6.80. Calves steady at $11.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Jan. 17.—(By Bower & Bower)—Hogs, receipts 20 cars; market strong; pigs and lights, $8.60; yorkers and mixed, $8.20; heavy, $8.00. Calves, $10.50. Lambs, $6.50. Cattle, $4.50@5.75.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Jan. 17.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 5,000; market steady; beeves, $4.80@7.00; Texas steers, $4.20@5.40; western steers, $4.60@6.00; stockers and feeders, $3.80@5.90; cows and heifers, $2.60@6.40; calves, $7.50@9.50. Hogs, receipts estimated at 19,000; market 5c higher; light, $7.80@8.05; mixed, $7.80@8.05; heavy, $7.75@8.05; rough, $7.75@7.85; good to choice heavy, $7.85@8.05; pigs, $7.65@8.15; bulk of sales, $7.85@8.00. Sheep, receipts estimated at 18,000; market strong to 10c higher; native, $2.50@4.00; western, $2.70@4.55; yearlings, $4.60@5.80; lambs, native, $4.75@6.55; western, $5.00@6.50.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. print, 28c; solid pack, 27c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 24@25c; dairy, prime, 20@23c; packing stock, 16c; oleo, 12@22c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 15c; New York state, 16c; brick, 16@17c; limburger, 17@18c.

Eggs—Storage, 22@24c; candled, 24@25c; strictly fresh, fancy, 28c.

Onions—Spanish, 45-lb. crate, $1.40; home-grown, 100 lbs., $1.90.

Celery—Michigan, 35@50c; Boston market, bunch, 35@40c; California, 7-doz. bunch crate, $3.75@4.00.

Lettuce—12c; head, Boston, doz., $1.20@1.50; Florida, hamper, $4.00.

Rhubarb—Bunch, 80c.

Cauliflower—California, case, $3.50.

Spinach—Dozen, $1.00.

Cucumbers—Boston, doz., $1.75@2.00.

Tomatoes—4 basket crate, $4.75.

Squash—Hubbard, lb., 2@2½c.

Potatoes—53@55c; Bermuda, bbl., $6.50.

Sweet Potatoes—Delaware, hamper, $1.25; Jersey, kiln dried, bbl., $3.75.

Turnips—Bu., 43c.

Rutabagas—60 lbs., 50c.

Cabbage—Home-grown, lb., 1c.

Beets—Bu., 50c.

Radishes—Bunch, 25c; Parsley, doz. bunches, 12½c.

Carrots—Bbl., $1.25.

Parsnips—Bbl., $1.50.

Cranberries—Oak bog, bbl., $8.00@8.25; late Howes, bbl., $10.00@10.50.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@1.75.

Apples—Baldwin, No. 1, $4.50@6.00; No. 2, $3.00@3.75; Spies, No. 1, $5.00; Ben Davis, $4.00@5.00; Northwest, fancy, box, $2.00@2.50.

Oranges—Florida, $2.00@2.75; Navels, $2.25@2.50.

Lemons—California, $3.50@3.75.

Oranges—Florida, $2.00@2.75; Navels, $2.50@2.75.

Pineapples—Box, $3.50.

Grape Fruit—Box, $3.00@4.25.

Tangerine—Half strap, $2.50.

Grapes—Almeria, bbl., $6.50@7.50.

Figs—Pound, 11c, 12c and 13c.

Dates—Fard, 11; Khad, bulk, 6½c.

Poultry—Fowls, 13@14c; chickens, 13@14c; cocks, 9c; geese, 13@14c; turkeys, 17@18c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 10@10½c; heavy and rough, 10c; calves, prime, 11@12c; fair, 10c.

Yearling lambs, 8@10c; spring lambs, 10@11c; pelts off, sheep, 6@8c.

Cow Beef—5@8c.

Steers—8@10c.

Heifers—7@9c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Jan. 17.—Butter—Steady; creameries, 17@25c; dairies, 16@22c. Eggs—Steady; receipts 8,698 cases; at mark, cases included, 22@26c; firsts, 27c; prime firsts, 28c. Cheese—Steady; daisies, 15½@16c; twins, 13½@13¾c; young Americas, 15½@16c; long horns, 15½@16c. Potatoes—Steady; choice to fancy, 46@48c; fair to good, 42@45c. Poultry—Unsettled; turkeys, alive, 17c, dressed, 22c; chickens, hens alive, 12c, dressed, 10@12c; springs, alive 12c, dressed 15c. Veal—Steady; 50 to 60 lb. wts., 8½c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 10½c.

New York Produce.

New York, Jan. 17.—Butter—Weak; receipts, 9,936. Creamery—Specials, 27c; extra, 25½c; third to first, 18@24c; held creamery, third to special, 18@24c; state dairy, common to finest, 18@25½c; process, second to special, 17@21½c; imitation creamery, first, 19@20c; factory held, 18@18½c; do, current make, 17½@18½c. Cheese—Easy; receipts, 794; do fancy, 15@15½c; do choice, 14½c; do late fall quality, fine, 13½@14c; do late made prime, 12½@13c; do winter made, common to fair, 9@12c; skims, 2@12c. Eggs—Easy; receipts, 14,064; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery, white, fancy, large, 34@35c; do gathered, white, 30@33c; do hennery, brown, fancy, 30@31c; do gathered, brown, 29@30c; western gathered, first, 30@33c; fresh gathered, extra, first, 27½@28c; first, 26½@27c; do seconds, 25@26c; fresh gathered dirties, No. 1, 22@24c; do No. 2, 21@22c; refrigerator, special mark, fancy, in local storage, 24c; do first, 22½@23½c; do seconds, 20½@22c.

Poultry—Dressed, firm; western chickens, 14½@19½c; fowls, 15@17c; turkeys, 18@25c.

WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, Jan. 9.—Senate—Senator Beveridge introduced a minority report from the committee on privileges and elections, contending that the election of William Lorimer had been accomplished by fraud and declaring the seat vacant. Senator Owen in a set speech also attacked the Illinois senator's right to his seat. Davis Elkins, son of the late Senator Stephen B. Elkins, was sworn in as a senator from West Virginia to succeed his father.

House — Speaker Cannon defied the house in his action of ruling adversely on a resolution offered by Representative Fuller, of Illinois, seeking to amend the rules. The speaker's decision was exactly similar to that which precipitated the rules fight last spring. An appeal was taken, but the house sustained the speaker by a vote of 233 to 53, the Democrats refusing to support the Republican insurgents who voted soldily against Mr. Cannon. The remainder of the day was devoted to District of Columbia matters.

Tuesday, Jan. 10.—Senate—Senator Coe I. Crawford delivered a scathing arraignment of the alleged corrupt methods used in the election of William Lorimer. He spoke for nearly two hours, and in closing announced himself ready to vote for a resolution to unseat the Illinois senator on the ground that he had not been legally and duly elected by the legislature of Illinois.

House—By the passage of the Sulloway general pension bill in the house $45,000,000 annually was added to the expenditures on account of pensions. Speaker Cannon took the floor and vigorously urged the passage of the measure, which grants pensions ranging from $15 to $30 to veterans who are 62 years old or over and who served 90 days in the civil war or 60 days in the war with Mexico.

Thursday, Jan. 12.—Senate—The senate was in session just five minutes, adjourning immediately on the formal announcement of the death in Colorado of Senator Charles J. Hughes, Jr., of that state.

House—After spending practically the entire day upon it, the house passed the legislative, executive and judicial bill, carrying approximately $35,000,000. The army appropriation measure was reported out of committee; it carries $92,811,856.

Friday, Jan. 13.—Senate—In spite of the effort of Senator Hale to prevent its consideration the senate today voted down by a vote of 43 to 17 his motion to adjourn and took up the Borah resolution amending the constitution so as to provide for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people. After an hour's debate the senate went into executive session, but Senator Borah declared that he would call up the resolution in the immediate future and would press it. During general discussion Senator Bailey effectually blocked one administration bill providing for the enlargement of the enstment corps of the army and remarked significantly that he was prepared to oppose the administration's scheme for the creation of a tariff commission.

House—The house devoted the entire day to consideration of the army appropriation bill. It carries approximately $93,000,000.

Saturday, Jan. 14. — House—Practically the entire time of the house was taken up with the army appropriation bill, but slight progress was made. Adjournment was until noon Monday.

The senate was not in session today.

20 YEARS' PSORIASIS CURED

"I hve been afflicted for twenty years with a disease, called by M. D.'s psoriasis, and it extended until it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. Every morning there would be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from my bed. All thought I had but a short time

$3.50 $20.00 for $3.50

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Send this advertisement to us with your name, post office and express office address, and we will send to you by express for examination this genuine 20 year guaranteed watch. Double hunting extra quality 14 karat gold finished case. Standard American full seven ruby jeweled works. With each watch we send Mizo certificates which can be used in purchasing goods from our catalogue, (total value of watch and certificates $20.00) all for $3.50. You examine the watch at your express office and if satisfactory pay express agent $3.50 and express charges and it is yours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. State whether you want a man's watch or a ladies' watch. Order today. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

MAPLEINE FLAVORING

Use it like lemon and vanilla. A delicious syrup is made by dissolving white sugar in water and adding Mapleine. Grocers sell Mapleine; if not, send 35c for 2oz. bottle and recipe book. Write to Dept. S CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.

This ELEGANT Watch $3.95

Hunting case beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind and stem set. Fitted with a 7 jewel American made lever movement GUARANTEED 20 YEARS with long gold finished chain for ladies or vest chain for gents. IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it without expense to you C.O.D. express paid by us for examination at your nearest express office, and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $10.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent $3.95 and it is yours. Our 20 year guarantee goes with each watch. Mention if you want Ladies', Men's or Boys' size. Address H. C. FARBER, R22, 225 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

Cash for Raw Furs

Why sell your skins at home when you can send them to us and save all middlemen's profits? New York is the best market in America. We pay cash for hides of Skunks, Minks, Coons, Opossums, Foxes, etc. Thirty years in the business. No commission charged. We stand express charges. Write for price list. BELT, BUTLER CO., Exporters, 2 East 12th St., New York

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With coins, cards, dice, ribbons, rings, etc., explained, so simple that you can do them at once. You can astonish and amuse friends and make money. Be a wizard and shine as a star in your town. This is a fine collection. We give it free to introduce. Send 30c and we will send our paper Everyday Life one year and this great collection of Tricks free. EVERYDAY LIFE, Dept. 203 Chicago

$25 Weekly and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. C. H. Emery, W.F. 62, Chicago, Ill.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY Marriage directory free. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314 W. G., Kansas City, Mo.

LOSES IN LONG FLIGHT

Convict Broke for Liberty to See Dying Mother.

Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 17.—Thwarted in the one big desire of his life, after years of prison servitude, that of seeing his dying mother again, just as he seemed about to gratify it, Arthur R. Davidson is in jail again. He had endured great sufferings. He stole rides on freight trains on his way across the continent in the terrible cold of the last two weeks. Now, his hands manacled, Davidson trudges through the snow at the end of a chain. Davidson is an escaped convict from state prison at Marquette, Mich. He was recaptured in Bellingham, Wash., and was placed in the central police station last night by Deputy Warden T. B. Catlin, of Marquette. The journey to the prison was resumed today.

Davidson's arrest follows his escape from prison and his race across the continent to reach the bedside of his mother in Bellingham. Warden Catlin heard of Davidson's plans and started for the little city where the mother was awaiting the arrival of her boy. It was a race between the deputy, riding in fast trains, and the escaped convict by whatever transportation he could find.

When Davidson, cinder-burned and weak from hunger and exposure, crawled from beneath a freight train in Bellingham five days ago, he was captured. An east-bound train was leaving within ten minutes. He was handcuffed, placed aboard and started back across the continent without having seen his mother.

Davidson had been a trusty and his term would have expired in March. Now he faces a new charge of prison breaking, which is a felony in Michigan.

Deputy Catlin has a new method of securing prisoners. It consists of an extra handcuff placed above the pair on the prisoner's wrists. To this is welded the steel chain three yards long, one end of which is looped over the deputy's hand. By this means the captive and captor are allowed more freedom.

HER 23-YEAR WAIT TOO BRIEF

Missouri Woman, Married, Finds She Has Two Husbands.

Springfield, Mo., Jan. 16.—Remaining faithful for 23 years to a husband who didn't return, Mrs. C. L. Mattox ended her supposed widowhood three years ago by marrying a Baptist clergyman, and now she finds herself with two husbands, both living. She plans to get a divorce from her first husband.

In Berryville, Ark., 26 years ago she married her childhood friend, A. B. Dial. Their only child, a son, who since has died was a few weeks old when Dial left home ostensibly on a business trip. He disappeared and finally was given up for dead by every one except his wife. But after 23 years she consented to marry the Rev. Mr. Mattox. After their wedding they moved to Springfield. On a recent trip to Oklahoma she heard from her first husband.

204 BODIES IN QUAKE RUINS

Buildings Fall Down in Asiatic Russian Town.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 14.—A dispatch received today from Vyerny, capital of Semiryetchenck, Asiatic Russia, says that a violent earthquake occurred last night in Keberyinthe, Pishptk district, and that the bodies of 204 Kirghiz have been taken from the ruins of fallen buildings.

AMERICANS TO HELP PERSIA

Teheran, Persia, Jan. 14.—In order to obtain relief from political and financial embarrassments the government of Persia has requested the American government to recommend six competent persons to take charge of the finances of Persia. Mirza Ali Kuli Khan, the Persian minister at Washington, has notified the foreign office that the request will be granted and that the American government is seeking for the proper men.

AFTER SCIOTO VOTERS

Judge Blair Calls Grand Jury to Begin Rigid Investigation.

West Union, Jan. 14.—Judge Blair, sitting in Portsmouth, has called a grand jury to meet Wednesday to investigate alleged vote selling in Scioto county. It is understood that Lawrence and Pike county investigations will follow later.

Politicians won't have to worry much about the negro vote in Adams county for the next five years. As a result of Judge Blair's election probe, not more than three will be voting for the next half decade. Just an even hundred have been disfranchised.

Negro Vote Heavy in Scioto.

The river town of Manchester perhaps has the largest negro population. Winchester comes next with a regular negro settlement, and some few live at West Union, Seaman and in Wayne and Scott townships. This has given rise to much speculation as to what would follow a probe in other counties where the negro population is much larger, especially in Scioto county, where many an election hinged on the heavy negro floating vote in Portsmouth.

Judge Blair adjourned court here Friday until Jan. 23, after yassing sentence on 50 more, increasing the total number of disfranchised to over 1,500. He gave no intimation as to whether he would extend his probe to adjoining counties.

One Sprigg township farmer confessed to selling out to the Republicans, while his son, who stood at his side, acknowledged having sold his vote to a Democratic worker. It is thought that when the jury reconvenes many new faces will be seen, for some prominent men have left the county and Judge Blair has put private detectives on their trail.

The court officers declined to give out the nature of testimony given by B. F. Kimble, the new Democratic representative, but did say it was proved that Mr. Kimble had taken but little active part in the last campaign.

SHE HATES OUR PULLMANS

Sylvia Pankhurst Can't Abide Flimsy Curtains.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 14.—Breakfastless because she never heard of a dining car and all fagged out because the first American sleeper she had ever ridden on at night was "so strange" to her she was unable to sleep, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, militant suffraget of England, reached here from New York this morning.

"I do not wish to criticise," she said, "but the builders of your American sleepers have something to learn in England. On our sleepers each one has as much privacy in a compartment as in one's home. But what privacy do the curtains of an American sleeper provide?"

And Miss Pankhurst shuddered as she propounded the query. The thought of so flimsy a protection from a man person who might be promenading through the train was too much for the votes for women advocate.

LINKS CHURCH WITH BOXING

Biddle's Answer to Pastor Calls One Duty, Other a Pleasure.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 14.—Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, society athlete, comes out in a statement answering the Rev. George G. Richmond, who recently called him a "prize fighter with a social pull." Biddle, with his other labors, is a Saturday school teacher in the Church of St. John, the Evangelist, and his answer to the charges against him takes the form of a resume of his own work in the school. "If I wish to box in my private gymnasium it's nobody's business," he says. "I consider my church work a duty and the gymnasium a pleasure, and both give me the enjoyment I wish."

SAYS "RATS" CAUSE BALDNESS

New York, Jan. 14.—Dr. Guernsey Brownell, in a talk to the Rainy Day Club at its social meeting in the Hotel Astor, laid great stress on the bad effects of piling artificial hair on the head. Heavy rolls and false hair weigh more than natural hair, and this weight alters the circulation in the scalp eventually causing baldness, he said, and every time a woman buys a new braid or a new set of puffs she is thrusting herself that much nearer the bald stage.

FORTIFY CANAL, ADVISES TAFT

Washington, Jan. 12.—President Taft sent to congress a special message urging the fortification of the Panama canal and recommending that an appropriation of $5,000,000 for the installation of the work on the proposed defense be made at the present session of congress. He forwarded with the message the report of the special army and navy board, recommending fortification of the canal.

NEGROES LYNCHED

Hanged From a Railroad Bridge at Shelbyville, Ky., by Angry Mob.

Shelbyville, Ky., Jan. 16.—Three negroes were taken from the county jail here Sunday by a mob of 20 armed and masked men and hanged beneath the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad bridge. The dead negroes are:

Eugene Marshall, who had been convicted of the charge of murdering an aged negro woman, and had been sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Wade Patterson, charged with detaining Miss Elizabeth Rubel, white, 19 years old, of Shelbyville.

James West, a negro charged with detaining Miss Mary Coley, a young white girl of this place.

Feeling had been high since the arrest of the two negroes several weeks ago and they were taken to Louisville, where they were held for safe keeping until two nights ago, when the local authorities brought them here. The news of their arrival spread, but as there was no demonstration the authorities believed that the citizens would allow the law to take its course.

Shortly after midnight the mob rifled the local blacksmith shop and secured a sledge hammer and various other tools and proceeded to the county jail.

The negroes were awakened by the blows on the doors and knew that the mob had arrived. Pleading for their lives they were dragged out of the jail and hurried across to where they could be hanged. Ropes were quickly adjusted and it is said that no time was given over to a confession.

Rope Breaks, Men Flee.

As Patterson and West, who were hung on the same rope, were swung over the end of a railroad tie, their bodies dangled several feet below, the rope snapped. The two negroes then made a break for cover. The body of Patterson was found this morning, riddled with bullets, near the creek. Marshall's body has not been recovered. However, it is stated that he was shot. West's body was found this morning at daylight swinging from the bridge.

Patterson, it was charged, insulted two white women during the holidays and knocked both of them down. West's alleged crime was more recent, and it is said he had often been seen throwing kisses at white women. He was a chauffeur. Marshall was sentenced to hang for beheading a negro woman more than a year ago. Both West and Patterson were to have been taken before a grand jury to be called January 23 and a speedy trial was predicted for each.

LEAPS FROM EIGHTH STORY

Prominent St. Louis Man Commits Sensational Suicide.

St. Louis, Jan. 17.—H. B. Whitmore, 68, leaped from a window in the eighth story of the Marquette hotel to the pavement yesterday, killing himself instantly and creating a small panic among pedestrians. Despondency over his continued illness and the death of his wife, who was the daughter of George Knapp, one time publisher of the St. Louis Republic, are given as causes for his act.

Whitmore was a member of a wealthy St. Louis family, and for a number of years was secretary of the merchant's exchange. He retired about eight years ago and following the death of Mrs. Whitmore four years ago he was stricken with partial paralysis. He left a sanitarium yesterday and went to the Marquette hotel and asked for a room on one of the upper floors. Fifteen minutes later he hurled himself to the pavement. His body narrowly missed a pedestrian. A note found in a coat pocket stated that a local physician had advised him that he would be utterly helpless for the remainder of his life.

COUNTESS IS THREATENED

Man Demanding Money of Henry White's Daughter Arrested.

New York, Jan. 17.—A dispatch to the New York Times from Berlin says that the Countess Muriel Von Seherr-Thoss, daughter of Henry White, formerly American ambassador to Germany, has been the victim of a sensational attempt to blackmail at her castle at Steinseifersdorf in Silesia. According to the story, a man named Fiedler, now under arrest, write her many threatening letters demanding that she place money in a bank to his credit under pain that he would blow up her castle with dynamite. A decoy letter brought about his arrest.

BIG LOSSES IN W. VA. FIRES

$150,000 Property Destroyed in One, $75,000 in Another.

Bulefield, W. Va., Jan. 17.—Matewan, W. Va., a mining town on the Norfolk & Western, is burning. The fire started this morning. The loss will be $150,000.

Bluefield, W. Va., Jan. 16.—Fire at Wilcoe, on Tug Fork branch if the Norfolk & Westen, destroyed nine buildings last night, according to reports received here. The fire is said to have started in the basement of B. D. Howell's saloon. The loss is estimated at $75,000.

USE FOR BAD EGGS

Buffalo, Jan. 17.—Although not authorized under the city charter to destroy anything condemned as unfit for food purposes, Health Commissioner Fronczak has found an answer to the question of what shall be done with more than five tons of rotten eggs in a cold storage warehouse here.

By appealing to the federal authorities he has obtained the promise of the egg owners to destroy the eggs by selling them to a local tannery for tanning purposes. That was done the next day. In the meantime a policeman and an inspector from the health department were on guard over the eggs at the warehouse.

DOG DEFENDS AN OLD HERMIT

Franklin, Pa., Jan. 17.—A burglar broke into the home of John Phenicie, an old soldier, living alone, early this morning, and when Phenicie refused to tell where his money was, started to beat him with a club.

Suddenly Phenicie's dog jumped from a corner, seized the burglar by the breast and the intruder fled in terror.

Absent-Minded.

If the public does not know that Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the pure food expert, is one of the most absent-minded men in the world, all doubt of the fact will vanish after this story has been read, says the Popular Magazine. The doctor takes his lunch in the cafe of the National Press club, and when he lunches he misses no bets, overlooks no food. He has a fine appetite—a remarkable appetite, considering all the unpleasant and terrifying things he knows about foodstuffs.

One afternoon he finished his meal, walked into the cloak room and put on his hat. As he was going out he was accosted by a friend who invited him to lunch with him.

Dr. Wiley hesitated.

"To tell you the truth," he said whimsically, "I don't know whether I've just had lunch or not."

He thought deeply for several moments.

"Just to make sure," he concluded seriously, "I'll go in and have another."

And he ate as much the second time as he had the first.

Heads Steel Corporation

J. A. FARRELL.

SUCCEEDS W. E. COREY

J. A. Farrell Is Now Head of the Steel Trust.

New York, Jan. 11.—As successor to William Ellis Corey's title of president of the United States Steel Corporation, James A. Farrell was named yesterday by the finance committee.

Mr. Farrell was president of the United States Steel Products Co., the exporting end of the steel corporation. He was chosen unanimously at a full meeting of the nine members of the finance committee, on which J. P. Morgan & Co. are represented by J. P. Morgan, Jr., and George W. Perkins, the partner who has just retired.

Mr. Corey's resignation has not yet been accepted by the board of directors, and it was said by his friends after the announcement of his retirement first became public that he would hold on until well into the spring.

Corey to Retire Soon.

The fact that the finance committee's nomination of Mr. Farrell will be acted on at the regular meeting of the directors on the last Tuesday of this month precludes the possibility of Mr. Corey holding office longer than that date and emphasizes the suddenness of his departure.

After a meeting of the committee yesterday afternoon Chairman Gary issued this statement:

"The finance committee of the United States Steel Corporaton, after consulting individual members of the board of directors not on the committee, has unanimously decided to recommend to the board at its next regular meeting the election of Mr. James A. Farrell as president of the corporation.

"Mr. Farrell has been the president of the United States Steel Products Co. since its organization in 1903, and as such has demonstrated great business capacity."

DIVORCE COLONY GETS BLOW

Governor Signs Extradition for Ohio Man Accused by Wife.

Reno, Nev., Jan. 14.—The Reno divorce colony is alarmed because Gov. Oddie has declared that Nevada shall not harbor any persons who abandoned their wives or husbands and think all they need do is to come to this state and get a divorce.

The governor signed a warrant for the extradition of Albert Lewis to Ohio to face his wife's charges as a result of his filing a divorce suit here last week.

PHIPPS TAKES ISLAND JOB

Former Oil Inpsector to Be Porto Rico Secretary.

Washington, Jan. 16.—The job which has been hunting an Ohioan has finally connected with him, and the next secretary of Porto Rico will be W. H. Phipps, of Paulding.

This statement came from the White House Saturday. That Mr. Phipps had accepted the place was the announcement. Mr. Phipps was secretary of the Ohio state central committee and state oil inspector.

The place was originally offered to Granville W. Mooney, of Ashtabula, formerly speaker of the lower house of the Ohio legislature.

AFRAID OF A GOPHER KILLER

Squire Thought Invention Was an Infernal Machine.

Sharon, Pa., Jan. 16.—Squire Gilbert received a bad scare this morning when he found a suspicious looking package among his mail. It was postmarked San Francisco and for a time the justice refused to touch it, fearing it might be an infernal machine.

He finally had enough courage to get a bucket of water and carefully placed the package beneath the surface. After letting it remain there for some time he opened it. The package contained an invention of J. D. Keller, of San Francisco, for killing gophers.

A letter received in the next mail told the squire that Keller had read of his request for 1,000 cats to be used in the west to assist in exterminating gophers and that he suggested giving his new invention a trial.

WOMEN JURORS FOR A WOMAN

Seattle, Jan. 16.—When Mrs. Ida M. Anderson was arraigned before Justice of Peace Brown today, charged with having interfered with a gas meter, Deputy Prosecuting Attorney Miss Reah Whitehead appeared to conduct the case against her. Counsel for Mrs. Anderson demanded a woman jury, and the request was granted.

Among the six jurywomen chosen were Mrs. Thomas Murphine, wife of the manager of Miles Poindexter's nomination for United States senator; Mrs. Homer Hill, president of a state suffrage organization; Mrs. Sylvia Hunsucker, another suffrage worker, and Miss Alice Lord, a labor union organizer.

IN A HURRY TO BE MARRIED

Couple Gets License, Find Witnesses, Rouse Justice After Midnight.

New York, Jan. 17.—A large touring car to which was attached a mellow horn, stopped suddenly in front of the home of E. M. Johnson, justice of the peace, Hackensack, N. J. Then a young man and a young woman jumped from the automobile, rushed up the steps of the magistrate's home and aroused him.

"We want you to marry us," said the man.

"And quickly, too," said the woman.

"Yes," said the man. "We have a license and now let's hurry."

Then as the couple entered the house, a carriage containing Louis Nestel, constable, and Charles P. Hagerman, appeared. They had been requested to serve as witnesses as the motor car passed the carriage on the road.

"Now we're all here," said the prospective bridegroom. "Want a pen, Mr. Justice?"

The certificate shows that Robert David Reid, of Orange, N. J., and Miss Katherine McArdle, of No. 510 West 146th street, Manhattan, had been joined in matrimony.

TRIED TO DYNAMITE EMPEROR

Anarchists Planned to Slay All of Japan's Royalty and Peers.

London, Jan. 17.—The Chronicle's Yokohama correspondent gives details of the plot to assassinate the Emperor of Japan, for which 26 Japanese anarchists recently were secretly tried and sentenced to death.

According to the dispatch, mysterious explosions were heard on Mount Kiso. It was first supposed that they were volcanic. A police investigation led to the discovery on the summit of the mountain of a complete modern dynamite factory, and the unearthing of a plot for the assassination of the royal family, peers and others and the destruction of official residences.

CALLS MORMONS PERSECUTED

Missionary Wants English Official to Investigate.

London, Jan. 16.—W. F. Monson, chief of the Mormon missionaries in England, has addressed a lotter to Home Secretary Churchill seconding the request of certain English clergy that the home office investigate Mormonism in this country. Monson alleges that the Mormons are being persecuted.

An anti-Mormon campaign was recently organized at Liverpool by the bishop of Liverpool and other prominent churchmen. The object was the expulsion from England of Mormon missionaries, who were charged with sending many recruits, chiefly girls, to the United States.

CALLS EDDY WILL VOID

Ex-Senator Chandler Points to Law Forbidding Big Bequest to Church.

Concord, N. H., Jan. 13.—That the residuary clause in the will of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder of the Christian Science church, is null and void is the opinion of ex-United States Senator William E. Chandler, Hannis Taylor, of Washington, D. C., professor of constitutiinal and international law at George Washington university, and others, as given out for publication here last night.

The clause provides for a gift of about $2,000,000 to the First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, known as the "Mother Church."

Law Prohibits Big Church Gift.

A statute of New Hampshire prohibiting a bequest to a church of over $5,000 annually is the basis of the opinion which was written by Professor Taylor.

Referring to the residuary clause as "null and void," the opinion says:

"As to the void gift, the testatrix died intestate and its subject matter passed on her death to her next of kin, under the New Hampshire statute of distribution."

In the closing paragraph the opinion advises the attorneys for the next of kin that such agreements and contracts as they made with the testatrix and her trustees in her lifetime bind them only "to recognize as valid such provisions of her last will as are legally valid."

Courts Must Construe.

"To that extent," continues the opinion, "you are bound and required to join with the executors in requesting the probate court of New Hampshire to admit such will to probate in solemn form, in order that all its provisions may prevail so far as they are not forbidden by law.

"After you have so acted and performed every part of the agreement you have entered into, it will remain for the courts of equity, federal or state, to construe the will in order to determine whether the residuary clause is valid or void."

2 FLIRTS BEAT FATHER

Saw Girls on Doorstep and Stopped Awhile.

New York, Jan. 17.—As evidence that he was assaulted by a real estate dealer and a lawyer, who, he says, tried to flirt with his two pretty young daughters, Solomon Weil, a Harlem chiropodist, exhibited in court today one battered nose and one pair of swollen lips. There is some confusion concerning what happened in the doorway of Weil's home, at No. 265 West 125th street, when he collected these exhibits, but Policeman Schubert, who rescued the chiropodist, has this to say about it:

"That hallway certainly was no place for a man brought up on the sheltered life system. Even after I got there it was a busy place for a few minutes."

Weil might have ridden to the West 125th street police station with the two prisoners, but he preferred not to.

Daughters on Porch.

His two daughters, Miss Frances and Miss Elsie, say that they were standing on their stoop with a young friend, Miss Helen Goodwin, when two men, who later described themselves as Martin C. Ferguson, real estate dealer, of 110th street and Central Park West, and John J. Donovan, a lawyer, of No. 53 West 109th street, came along and wished them a happy new year. The men say that it was the girls who first extended the felicitations of the season to them, and as they noticed how pretty they were decided to stop and chat a moment.

At any rate, the chiropodist came out to see what had or was happening. There was no attempt at flirtation after that; something far more exciting was on at once. Weil says that while one of the men held his hands behind his back the other punched him violently and accurately on the nose and lips. Weil's appeals for the police brought Schubert, who took the two men to the station. His two daughters and Miss Goodwin corroborated his tale of assault.

WINCHESTER

SHOTGUNS AND SHELLS

Winchester Repeating Shotguns and Winchester Shotgun Shells are just as reliable and satisfactory for bird shooting as Winchester Rifles and Winchester Cartridges are for big game hunting, and sportsmen know that they constitute a perfect equipment. You can spend a great deal more money for a shotgun than a Winchester will cost you, but you cannot get a better shooting or better wearing gun no matter what you pay. Use a Winchester Shotgun and Winchester Shells, and you will have a combination that will give the best satisfaction for field, fowl or trap shooting.

RED W BRAND GUNS AND SHELLS ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE

SUFFRAGISTS ARE MAD

Slate Forced Through at Organization of Women's National Council.

Tacoma, Wash., Jan. 17.—The bitter feeling that has been smoldering for weeks in the ranks of the Washington Equal Suffrage Association burst forth like a volcano when the slate of officers of the new "National Council of Women Voters" was put through here Saturday, headed by Mrs. Emma Smith DeVoe as president. Mrs. George A. Smith of Seattle, who has been a member of the association since its organization, was denied the privilege of the floor. A riot nearly resulted when Mrs. DeVoe arbitrarily ruled against Mrs. Smith, and an adjournment was taken.

Mrs. Smith charges she has been wantonly maligned by Mrs. DeVoe, and threatens slander proceedings.

While Mrs. DeVoe presided over the regular meeting of the delegates in one room, the venerable Abigail Scott Diniway of Portland acted as chairman of another gathering upstairs, and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. May Arkwright Hutton of Spokane were haranguing other women on the steps. Mrs. Smith was in tears from anger and her hat was askew.

Gag Rule Is Charged.

While the other state association was meeting Saturday, five women, including Mrs. DeVoe, met at the residence of Mrs. Mason and quietly planned the "National Council of Women Voters." Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Smith, two men and two other women went to Mrs. Mason's house and demanded admittance, but the slate of officers was already filled and the constitution approved.

Mrs. Hutton, who is president of the Washington Political Equality League, said:

"The most shameful political trick on record in this state was played when five women, meeting in secret, decided to 'programme' all events, including the election of national officers. We had letters from Mrs. Harriet G. Wright, of Denver, president of the Colorado Equal Suffrage Association, to Mrs. Mary C. Bradford, delegate from Colorado, protesting against ring rule. We took these letters to Mrs. Mason's residence, where five women were trying to deliver the vote of the Washington women in a secret and discreditable compact. We also had letters from Governor Shafroth, of Colorado. To our utter astonisment, we were refused admission and 'hearing.'"

Calls Victory Barren.

Mrs. Smith said: "Mrs. DeVoe's victory is barren. The women attending the meeting have learned that the program carried out is a political scheme to deliver the votes of Washington women to Lieutenant Governor Hay and State Senator Paul Hamus, when they are respectively candidates for governor and United States senator."

WINS ESTATE FROM A DOG

Ohio Woman Awarded $116,200 Left by Son for His Pet.

Seattle, Wa., Jan. 16.—After four years of litigation the final accounting in the estate of Joseph H. Melchoir, otherwise known as "Melody Choir," was filed in County Clerk D. K. Sickel's office Saturday by Harry Watson.

"Melody Choir" was a well known Seattle character. He left an estate valued at $116,200, mostly in Seattle real estate. His will provided that this estate be used to build a monument to his dog. This will, illustrated with plans for the monument, has been declared invalid.

"Melody Choir's" heir is his mother Mrs. Elizabeth Melchoir of Canton, O.

AERONAUTS' BODIES FOUND

German Balloon, Long Lost, Picked Up in Lake.

Berlin, Jan. 16.—The German balloon Hildebrandt, which had been missing since its ascent at Schmargendorf on December 29, was found in a lake in Pomerania province, Prussia, today. The bodies of both aeronauts were in a gondola.

It had been believed that Dr. Roehrs and his companion had met death in the Baltic sea, the balloon having taken that direction on rising. The aeronauts had planned a 48-hours' aerial voyage and nothing was seen of them after the start, though an airship thought to be the Hildebrandt was sighted passing over Hoeganaes, Sweden, on the night of January 4.

BIG ITALIAN TRIAL POSTPONED

32 Charged With Cuocolo Murder Bear Confinement Well.

Witterbo, Italy, Jan. 16.—It is probable that the trial of Chief Enrico Alfano and his 31 comrades in the Camorra charged with the murder of James Cuocolo and his wife, will be postponed to a date in the first week of March.

When brought here from Naples on January 7, the prisoners were in a highly nervous state, but in other ways showed the ill effects of their long confinement. Now, however, they are declared to be in perfect health. Alfano has been restored to his old time vigor.

ILLINOIS DAIRYMEN MEET

Elgin, Ill., Jan. 16.—Elgin, the center of the great American butter industry, is entertaining for three days the members of the Illinois Dairymen's association. The occasion is the 37th annual convention of the association. Bovine tuberculosis and a number of other question of vital interest to those engaged in the dairy business are scheduled for discussion.

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SEES USE FOR LIFE PRISONERS

Dr. Folin Would Try All Food Preservatives on Them.

Boston, Jan. 16.—"A good way to discover the exact power and efficiency of food preservatives on the human being is to test them in the food given to prisoners who are sentenced for life," declared Dr. Otto Folin in a lecture at the Harvard medical school on the subject of "The Use and Abuse of Preservatives and other chemicals in food products.'

He said that 95 per cent. of the chemicals used as food preservatives are injurious to health and their use should be forbidden and the other five per cent. should only be used by government permit.

His reason for using life prisoners for the testing of food preservatives was because an exact record for a period of years could be kept and because of the further fact that the conditions under which these prisoners live are unchanging.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT ELOPES

Head of Georgia Road Marries Connecticut Widow.

New Haven, Ct., Jan. 16.—Harvey Harding, president of the Bambridge & Northeast railway of Georgia, eloped with Mrs. Ruth Bullen, of Bridgeport, on Thursday, and they were married by the Rev. Watson Philips of this city in his study. Every means was employed to keep the marriage a secret, but it has leaked out, and are supposed to be en route to Georgia to enjoy their honeymoon.

Mr. Harding is a prominent Georgia financier. His bride is the widow of Fred Bullen, one of the best known sporting men in the state. He died last July. She is 34 and Harding is 37.

It is his first marriage and her third. Her first husband was John S. Mead, whom she married in 1897. Mead committed suicide in 1907 after starting a suit for divorce and another for $10,000 damages against Bullen for alienation of his wife's affections. After Mead's death his wife became Mrs. Bullen.

TO REBUILD QUAKE-TORN CITY

Citizens of Messina Begin Work in Durable Masonry.

Messina, Sicily, Jan. 16.—The rebuilding of Messina in durable masonry was inaugurated today when the cornerstone of the group of public buildings to be erected by the municipality was laid by Signor Sacchi, minister of public works; Signor Ciuffelli, minister of posts and telegraphs, and other members of the government. The ceremony was witnessed by a great assemblage and aroused much enthusiasm, and the city was more gay than it has been since it was devastated by the earthquake of December, 1908.

The ministers visited the temporary wooden structures that were put up for the housing of the homeless thousands following the calamity and were especially pleased to note how well the buildings erected by subscriptions from America had been preserved. The new city will be built of stone and concrete.

48 Million Shortage

Government statistics show there were 48,000,000 bushels less of potatoes grown in the United States last year than in 1909. This with increasing population must necessarily make a larger demand for potatoes in 1911. No crop is a

Money Maker

equals it, and the information showing how to grow for profit will be mailed absolutely free to any one asking for it. Our president has devoted over fifty years to the study of potato culture and the manufacture of machinery for handling the crop in all stages.

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GREAT SUCCESS FOR AGENTS H. G. Cowan, N. Y., placed 11 in 6 hours—profit $20.50). Mrs. J. Brown sold 10 in 3 days—(profit $30.00). K. J. Blevins, Ohio, writes: "Made 7 calls; sold 5 one day"—(profit $15.00). R. H. Latimore, P. A., writes: "Sold 4 this morning—never yet turned down." Mrs. Gerrish, Mont., ordered sample, then dozen, then 100—profit over $300.00. N. Boucher, Mass., orders 75 more, says: "Everybody wants one. Best business I ever had." Only 2 sales a day means $36.00 a week profit. Thousands of letters like these. Millions will be sold. Landslide for agents. Write quick. Men or women; home or traveling; all or spare time—to show, take orders and appoint agents.

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—These are the wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses with which you can see to thread the smallest eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidering just as well as you ever did in your young girlhood days.—

—These are the wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses with which you can see to shoot the smallest bird off of the tallest tree-top, even on the darkest, cloudiest days.—

And I want you and every other genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer in your county (all my old customers also) to get a pair of these wonderful and improved "Perfect Vision" glasses of mine without one single, solitary cent of cost or any promises of any kind whatever. And as a favor—not an obligation, mind you—I will kindly ask you to

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends, and speak a good word for them everywhere at every opportunity. Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" glasses in your locality on one easy, simple condition? If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply), and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your free pair of glasses," and address me personally, and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Don't let your eyes be annoyed and hurt by common spectacles another day, but write me this minute for a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses. Address in full as follows:—

DR. H